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SOMETHING
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CRACKED

MAZAGINE

**AUGUST
No. 126**

**WE BLOW OUT
THE
TOWERING
INFERNAL**



SEVERIN

YAYA

THEIRS

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Wow, Sylvester, what a time for a snack! Well, perhaps you're right. You might as well make use of the free energy while you have the chance. Tell us, what are you going to do with the energy you get when the hose explodes?!!



**THIS
WAY
OUT**

IF YOU WANT IN,
GO AROUND TO THE
BACK OF THIS SIGN



LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I have found a mistake in CRACKED #121. On page 29, top-left, Columbo has a watch on his left hand, but on page 32, bottom-right, his watch is gone. Can you explain this?

Jan-Olaf Johansson
Djursholm, Sweden

Dear Jan-Olaf and the rest of the family,

Columbo complained to us too! But he's the detective, so we told him to find out for himself.

Upon checking, however, we found that the watch in question was, in fact, shown twice. In the panel you refer to (on page 32) it is undoubtedly under his shirt cuff. For this you wrote all the way from Sweden? Please clean off your microscope before you write to us again!

Dear CRACKED,

I read "Earthshake" and thought it was hilarious. How do you guys keep thinking of such clever spoofs on movies? Your magazine is the greatest, so I know it won't go to your heads when I tell you what you already must know.

Steve Figlow
(and his brothers Nick & Tom)
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Figlow(s),

Don't count on it. We've spent the last hour trying to get our hats on, but it's no-go. We're glad you liked "Earthshake," but in the future please send us only insulting letters, so we can get dressed properly. By the way, your name sounds like a tropical fruit. (And spelled backwards, it's "Wol-gif".)



Dear Dummies,

About your poor spelling. On every issue of your magazine, you spell magazine this way: "mazagine." Why don't you guys wisen up?

A Fan—Matthew Tumminello
Bayside, N.Y.

Dear Fan Matthew,

We showed your correction to our prouf readr and he said we were both wrong. The word "mazagine" or "magazine" is actually spelled: p-e-r-i-o-d-i-c-a-l.



Dear CRACKED,

I liked the version of 'Planet of the Apes.' Now I would like to see you do 'The Planet of the Prunes.'

Tom Towns
Saginaw, Mich.

Great Idea Tom,

Glad we thought of it. By the way, did you have in mind 'The Planet of the Stewed Prunes,' 'Dried Prunes,' or Prune Danish?

Dear CRACKED,

I thought the "Six Billion Dollar Man" was so funny that I read it a million times.

Joey Fox
South Orange, N.J.



Dear Joey,

How come you didn't read it a billion times? We've never been so insulted in our lives. Seriously, glad you liked it. Wait'll you see what we've got planned for future issues.

IRON-ONS

IF YOU'RE
CRACKED



YOU'RE HAPPY!

Simply enclose \$1.00 for each IRON-ON, enclose your name and address and send to: CRACKED IRON-ONS—235 Park Ave., South—New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I'm writing for my sister. She's still reading "Earthshake" (#125) and is laughing too much to do anything. Are you going to do anything else like that again?

Christine & Jennifer Austin
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Loving Sisters,

We were thinking that "Earthshake" might be too immense to ever be shown on television, so we were thinking about doing a mini version for home-screening entitled: "Milkshake." Does it sound good?



Dear CRACKED,

I read your magazine all the time and think it is even better than comical books. I was thinking about leaving home and coming up there to tell you how to make it even greater. What do you say? (I don't want to send my ideas through the mail, because they might fall into enemy hands.)

Groovy Gary Friedrich
Jackson, Mo.

Dear Grooves,

Unless you want to spend \$300 a month for an apartment, or don't mind sleeping on a desk (with a typewriter on it), we suggest you stay where you are. Even if you telephoned us, somebody might be tapping the line and grab your ideas. It looks like you'll just have to keep them to yourself. Unless you could work out some sort of code...

Dear CRACKED Dudes,

Man, I'm CRACKED. But even for me, your magazine is far out. I flipped out over the "Six Billion Dollar Man" (#120) and the rest of your articles. Why don't you print CRACKED every 2 weeks?

Jeff Schuler
Noahs, Ark.

Dear Mr. Kool,

Glad you dig our mag. You sound like our kind of guy: you're far-out, right on and glitzy. We do print every 2 weeks, but all the other copies are sent directly to Tibet, where they are used by local folk to feed the abominable snowman.

Dear CRACKED,

I love your great magazine but can't concentrate on reading it since my Uncle Willie (who lives with us) is always practicing on his machine-gun outside my window. I can't wait till next Monday when he and my Aunt Bertha go to the bank, so I can finish my reading in peace and quiet.

Joanna Berger
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Dear Joanna,

You either have a very vivid imagination or a lot of trouble on your hands. Perhaps if you could get your Aunt and Uncle to read our magazine, they'd be too busy laughing to go into the banking business.

Dear CRACKED,

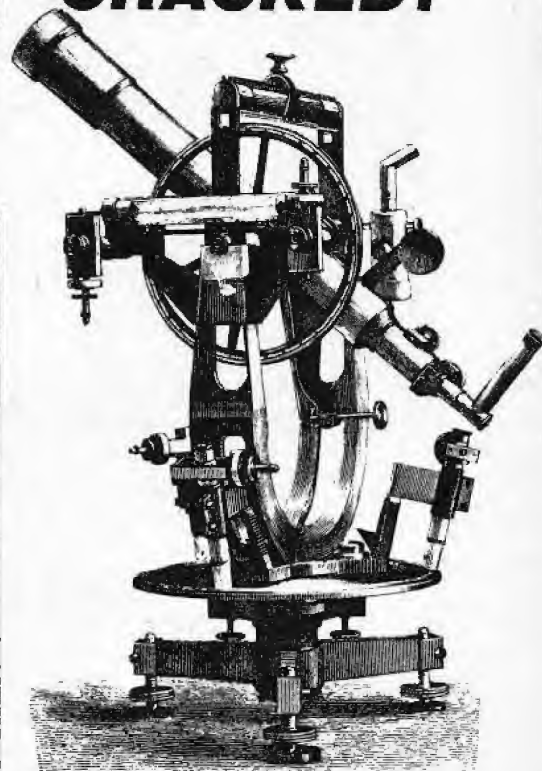
I just got your latest issue, and while I was reading it, my brother asked me to please hurry because he wanted to read it. Since he bought it for me to begin with, what should I do?

Steve Villarreal
Minot, N. Dakota

Dear Stevo,

The way we see it, you've got three choices: 1) Let him read it, but charge him the cover price 2) Laugh at him and continue reading 3) Share it with him the way he did with you.

How Do You Get CRACKED?



It has come to our attention that some of you are getting CRACKED by purchasing telescopes like this, then spying on your local library or newsstand!

Honestly, it's much more fun (and cheaper) to clip the coupon below and subscribe now. It's fun to get your copy in the mail and lots less trouble than a telescope!

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's my **FOUR DOLLARS**. Please put me on your subscription list real fast. I want lots of large laughs?

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8 Issues — \$4.00
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NEXT ISSUE...CRACKED #127
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
JUNE 10th



Hey gang. Sit back because we've got a real hot article for you next that's matchless entertainment. After a heated discussion in our flaming red office over where we should put this next article, we decided that below this introduction would be a great place. So now—watch out—because here comes our version of

The Towering Inferno



CRACKED is telephoning a bank and saying, "This is a stickup—send me \$50,000!"

Well, Mayor Raunchy. Here's the golden scissors to cut the ribbon with.

Mayor, aren't you going to dedicate the building?

Sure am. I dedicate this building to Lynn and Phil who've been going together for 7 years. Best of luck and now, let's make this next one a lady's choice.

Senator Paker, glad you could make it to the party.

I wouldn't miss a chance to make a speech.

And I've got something special for you—a case of 1927...

A case of 1927! I thought all the wine made that year was gone.

It is—you didn't let me finish. This is a case of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven tins of Meow Meal for your wife.

Miss Stencil, would you please come into my office for some dictation.

Mr. Bungalow, at this hour it's not dictation you're after—it's me. I bet your wanna chase me around the office.

Untrue, Miss Stencil. I wanna catch you!

Is this where you spotted the black smoke on the closed-circuit T.V.?

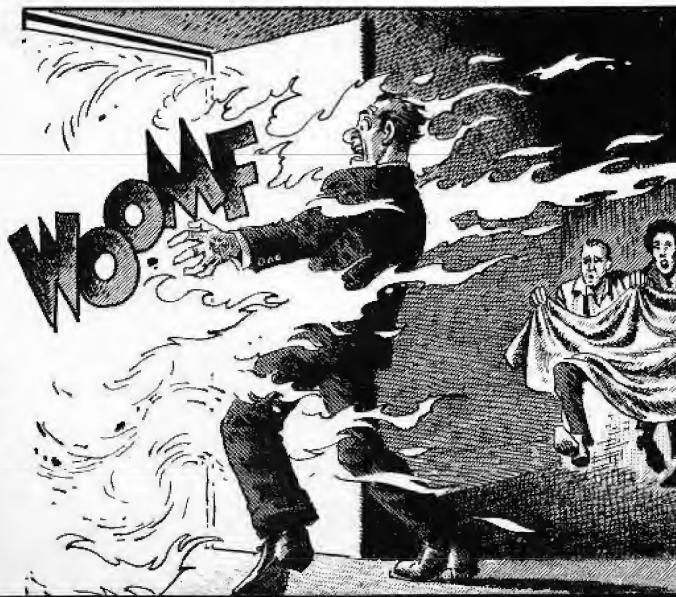
Yes, sir.

Well, we'll take a look. There's probably nothing to be afraid of, but to play it safe, wait ten seconds before you open the door.

Why?

OLD TIME SAYING
COURTESY OF
CRACKED
WHERE THERE'S
SMOKE
THERE'S
FIRE !!

It'll take me that long to hide around the corner.



Do you think he's alright?

I doubt it.

You mean the flames killed him?

No, I'm afraid we did. He suffocated from us rolling him around in that blanket.

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST ENDINGS IN THE MOVIES IS WHEN THE GUY IN FRONT OF YOU FINISHES HIS SACK OF POPCORN!

YO-YO
BLINDING

I'm Chief O'Hollerin—what'd you call us about?

There's a fire.

Oh, I thought it was something **urgent**. All right, I'll need the blueprints of the **building**, a list of all the tenants and their **occupations**, your floor plans, your ceiling plans, your dental records, a machete, two goats, a yak and a **flashlight** and **mirror**.

What's the flashlight and mirror for?

I wanna see whose eyes are **bluer**—yours or mine!

CRACKED is discovering a cure for amnesia then forgetting what it was!

Is there anyone in this building?

Just a few tenants and 381 people at a party on the **top floor**.

Well, get 'em down.

Sorry, but Mr. Yo Yo doesn't think the situation's **bad enough**.

Oh no! Well, I'm gonna go up there and knock that guy's teeth out unless he **listens**!

I think the situation just got **bad enough**!

5

75

2017

HEAVEN

This is a tall building!

Mr. Yo Yo, we've got a fire and I'm **demanding** that you clear this **building**. Right now only 108 floors are affected, but before it gets **big**, we'd like to have everyone **out** of here. Now, to avoid a **panic**, what I'd like you to do is to announce an evacuation in a calm way.

I understand.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention **please**. Before we go into the Pepto Bismol room for dinner, I have an **announcement** to make—**FIRE!**

FIRE!

Are you wearing a smoke-scented after-shave, Don?

Why no, Miss Stencil.

Then I think the room next door is on fire. You know what this means, don't you?

Sure do. It means I have a lot less time to **catch** you.

All right, I need **two men** to go up to the party where all the **booze**, **women** and **fun** is, to free a stuck fire door. Any **volunteers**?

I'll go! I'll go!

The elevator's busted—you'll have to climb 876 sets of stairs.

He'll go! He'll go!

I got you and the two kids away from floor 81 just in time, but we're still in trouble. While escaping, the stairway blew up. I managed to get your brother down and now I'll try you. Think you can hold me tightly around the neck while I climb down these pipes?

I'll try.

That's a little too tight!

Oh my! A helpless pussy cat. I'll save you boy. Wait. Why risk carrying you through the flames? Instead I'll toss you out the window. It's a known fact that cats always land feet first.

... except when they're up 91 floors.

SPLAT!

Look, that man just came bursting out of the fire exit in flames.

That's disgusting.

I'll say. I hate party crashers.

Sir, we've located the Navy helicopters you wanted, but they're unable to land on the roof.

Why?

The building is so high, they keep running out of gas before they get there.

And Dug is coming in through that pipe shaft.

Doesn't anyone know how to use the door?

THE REASON SO MANY WOMEN HAVE MINK COATS IS THAT HUSBANDS GIVE IN BEFORE WIVES GIVE UP!

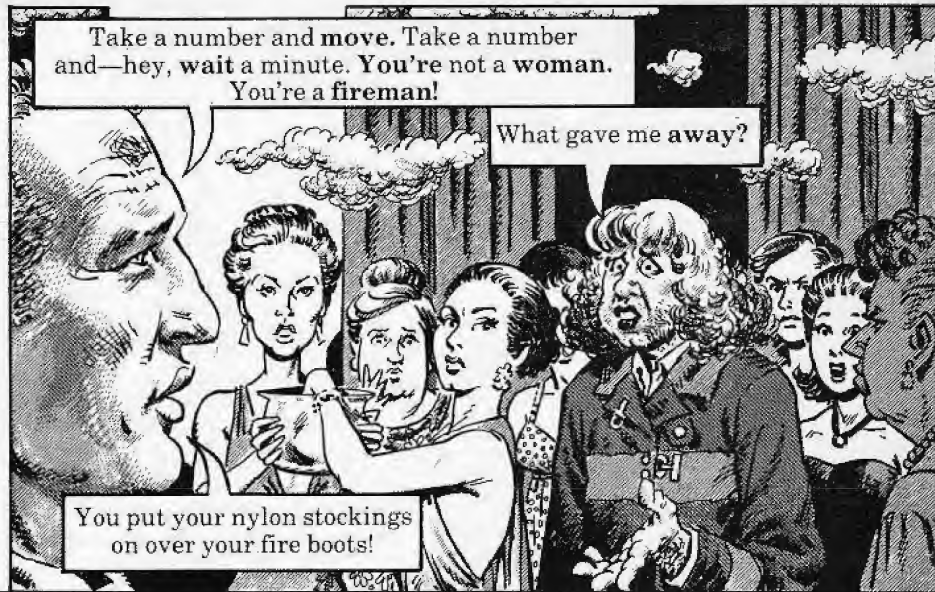
All right, in a few minutes we're gonna evacuate everyone by stringing a clothesline from this building to the one next door. Now, since only one person can go at a time, we're gonna have a lottery. Each pick will cost 50¢ and all proceeds will go toward fireproofing the building. My girlfriend here has just finished making up the slips of paper and women will get to pick first.



Take a number and move. Take a number and—hey, wait a minute. You're not a woman. You're a fireman!

What gave me away?

You put your nylon stockings on over your fire boots!



Sir, the scenic elevator just blew.

Any people in it?

It was loaded!

Well, it'll have to wait.

But sir, one of them was a star!

Let's go!!

REMEMBER!! WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S USUALLY A COOKOUT! CRACKED PROVERB



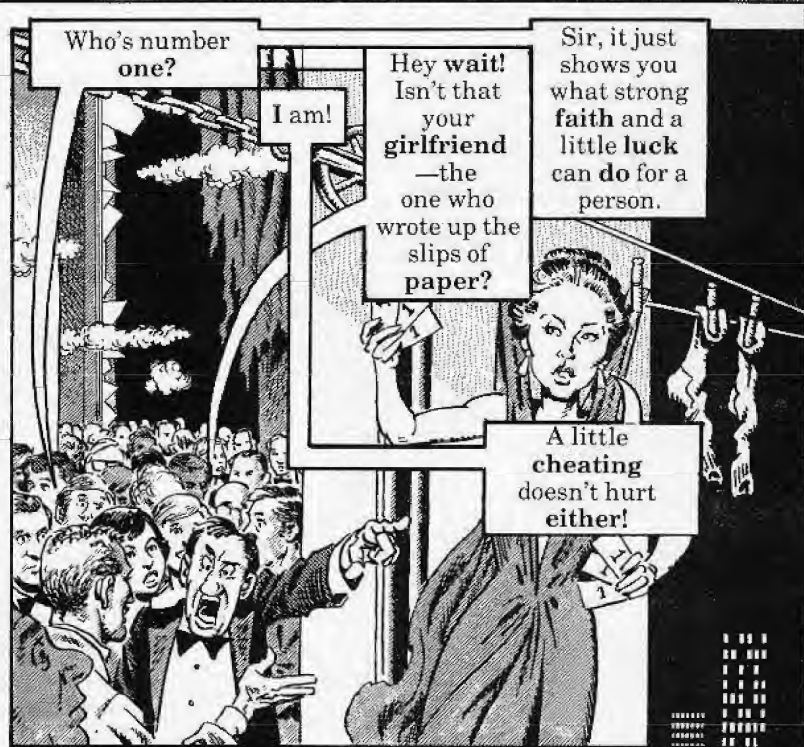
Who's number one?

I am!

Hey wait! Isn't that your girlfriend—the one who wrote up the slips of paper?

Sir, it just shows you what strong faith and a little luck can do for a person.

A little cheating doesn't hurt either!



Hey, you're slipping off the elevator—but hold on. I got you by the arms. There's nothing to worry about!

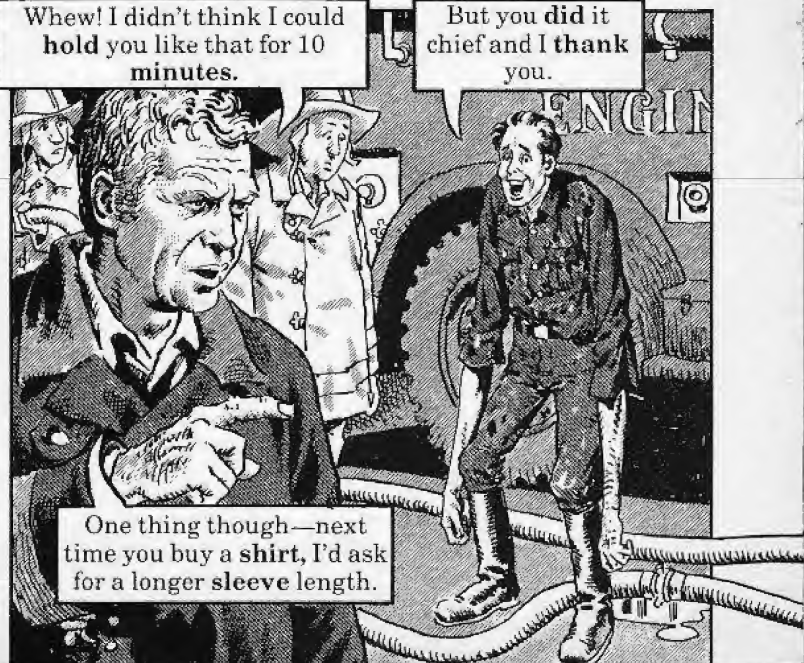
That's easy for you to say.

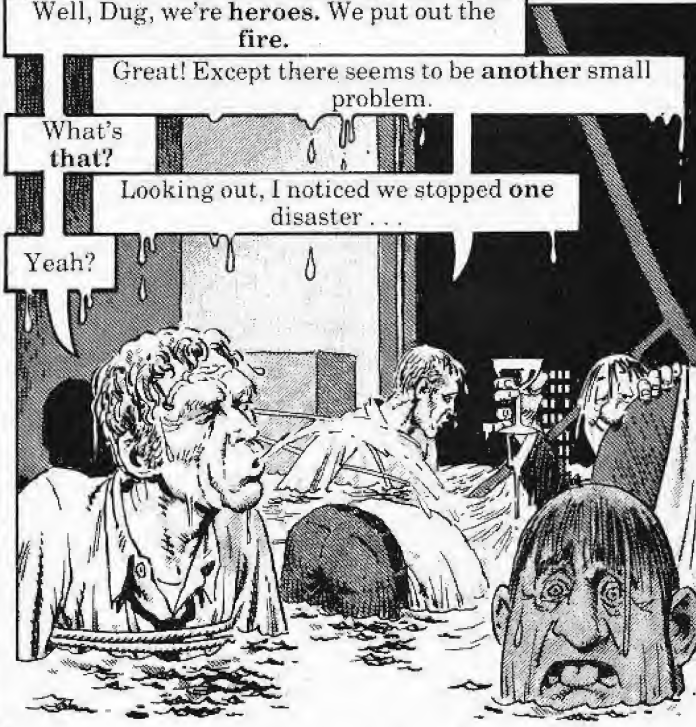
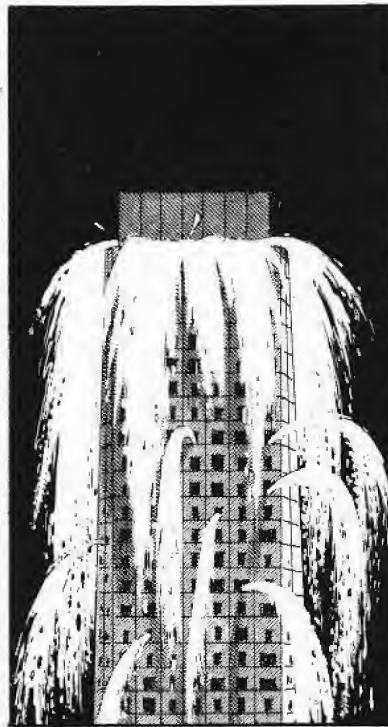
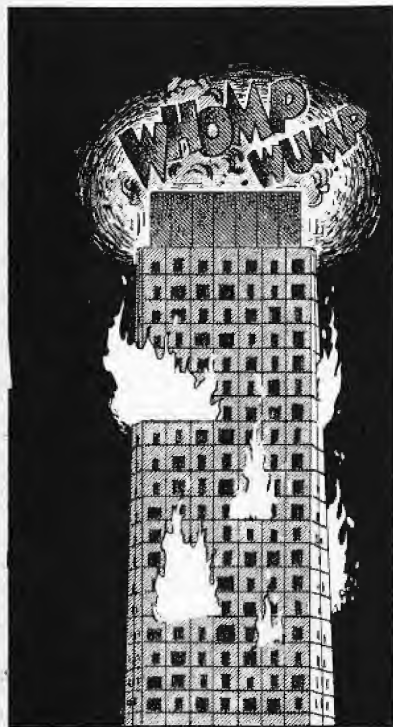
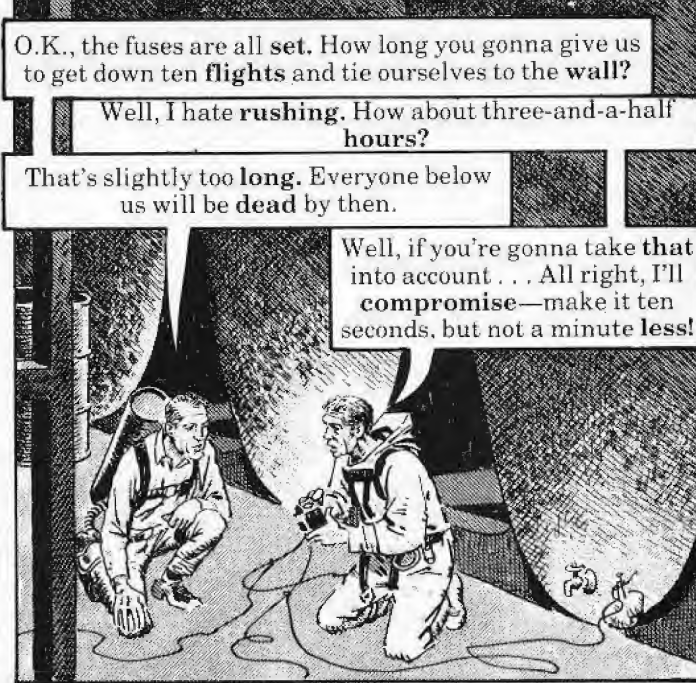
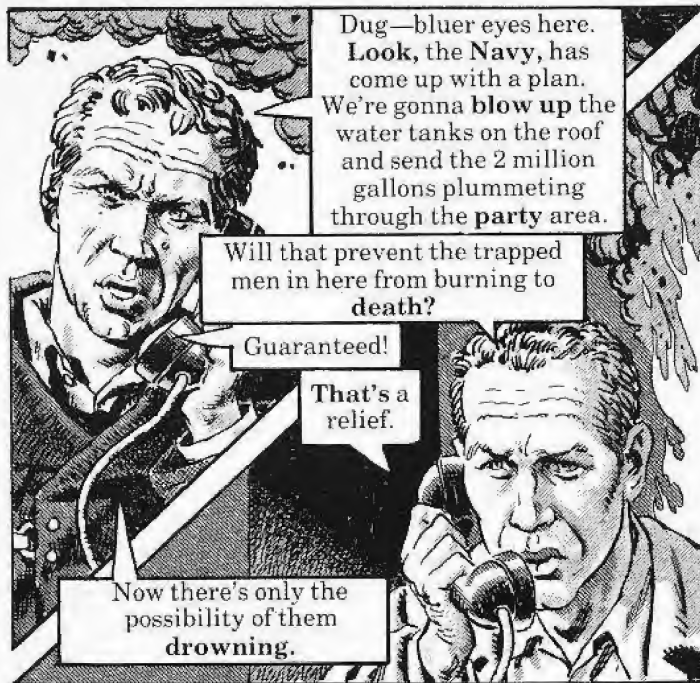


Whew! I didn't think I could hold you like that for 10 minutes.

But you did it chief and I thank you.

One thing though—next time you buy a shirt, I'd ask for a longer sleeve length.

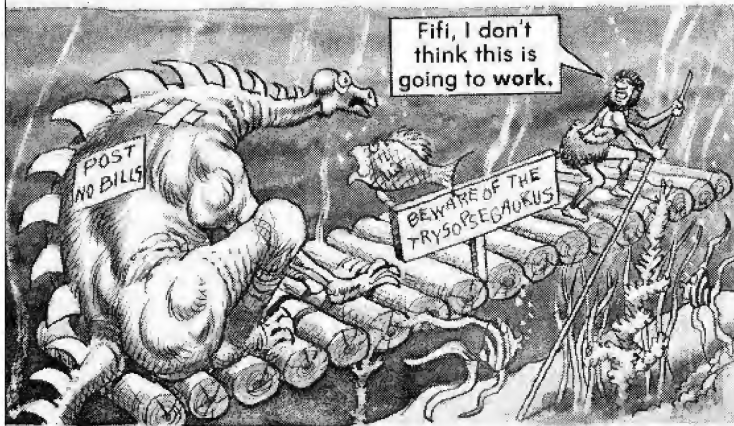




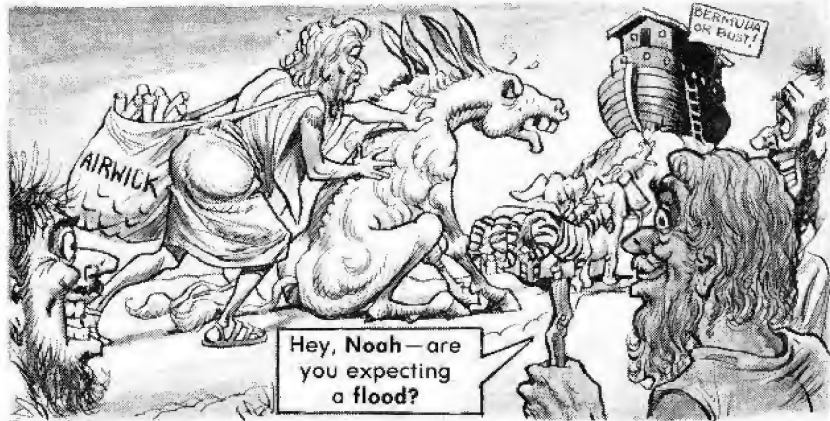
Now that mankind is looking toward the future and space-travel, **CRACKED** is looking toward the past and boat travel. But, as you already know, that's the way we are. We figure that just about everybody likes history and just about everybody digs boating. So how could we miss with this piece called

The CRACKED History of Boating?

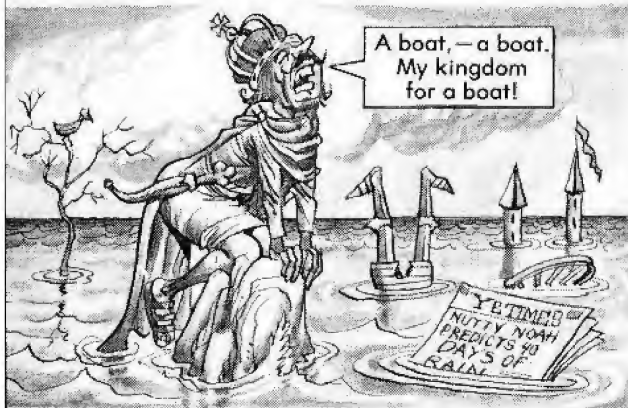
Prehistoric man didn't think much of boating because he was too attached to his pets. This attachment made boating impractical.



Time progressed, but boating never quite got off the ground. There was only one person who went boating at all, and he was ridiculed by his neighbors.



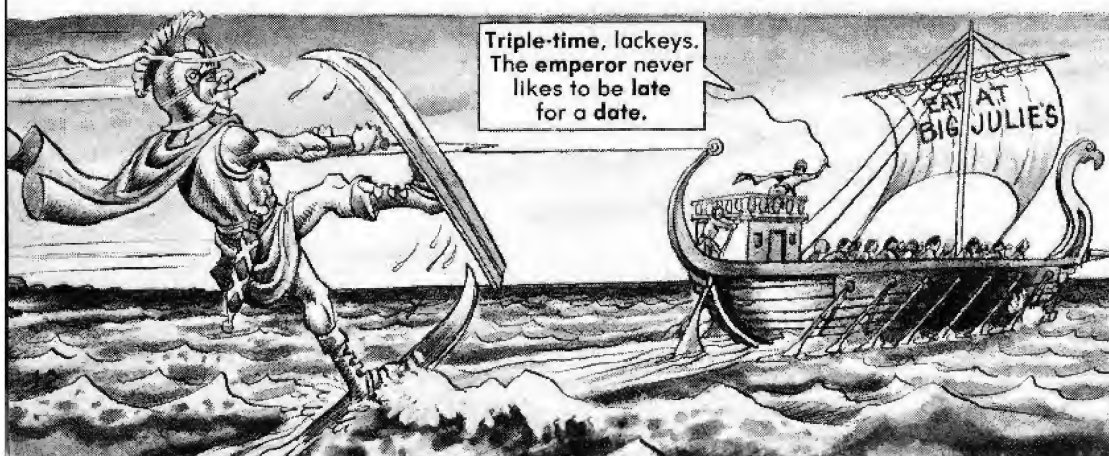
Unfortunately, by the time the boating bug bit the neighbors, it was too late.



It took several hundred years of hard work to get the population up again. During that time, people remained very attached to their boats.



Ultimately it was Julius Caesar who was responsible for introducing boating to the masses.



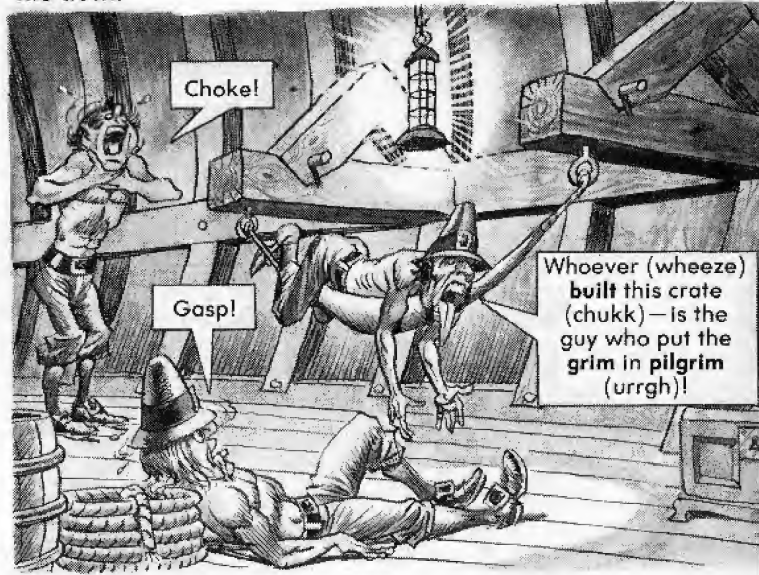
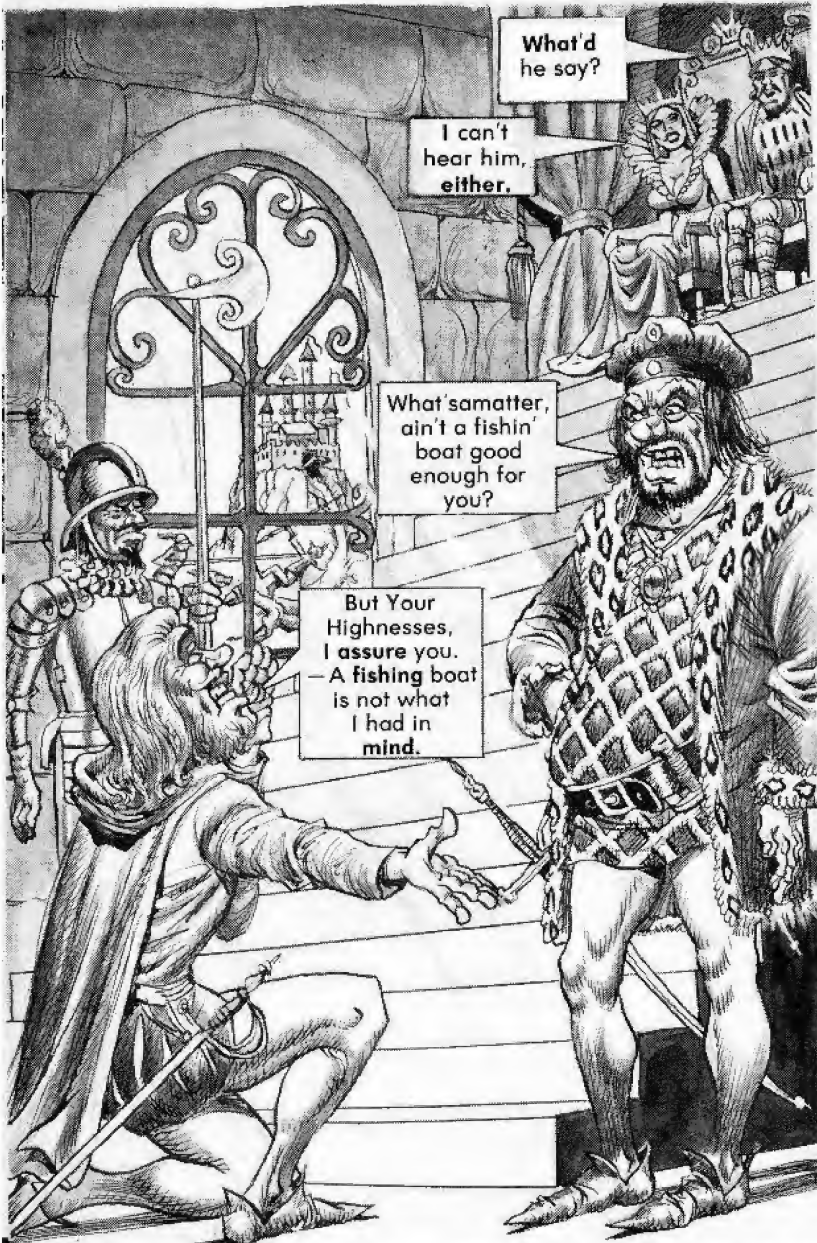
Then came the Dark Ages, and for that very reason interest in boating was at an all time low.

I wonder why they don't put a lighthouse here?

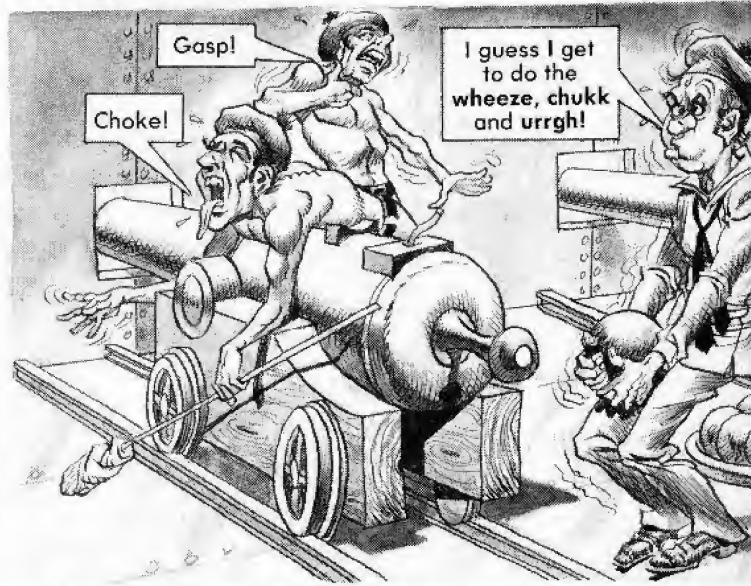
It hasn't been invented yet!

In 1492 Christopher Columbus changed all that. He was so desperate to start boating up *again*, that he went to many different countries to get support. Finally, in Spain, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella agreed to go *along* with him. But it took a lot of persuading and gobs of pleading to get them to better their *original* offer.

Time passed and boating improved. But there were still kinks to iron out—as the pilgrims realized when they discovered their hardships didn't have any fresh air below the deck.



By the time the Civil War arrived, the Pilgrims' rickety old wooden ships with no fresh air below the deck had been replaced by sleek, shiny new metal ships—with no fresh air below the deck.

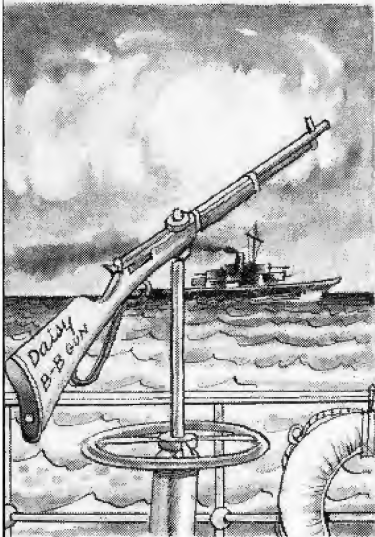


When the early 1900's showed up, the new craze was big, *luxury* ships. The most famous was the *Titanic*, which was supposed to be *unsinkable*. It sunk. How it could have done that was a mystery to everyone. If they had been a little more observant, they would have noticed the single tell-tale clue.



By World War II, there were lots of big ships called battleships. Many new devices were attached to them to help us win easier, but some of these proved impractical.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS



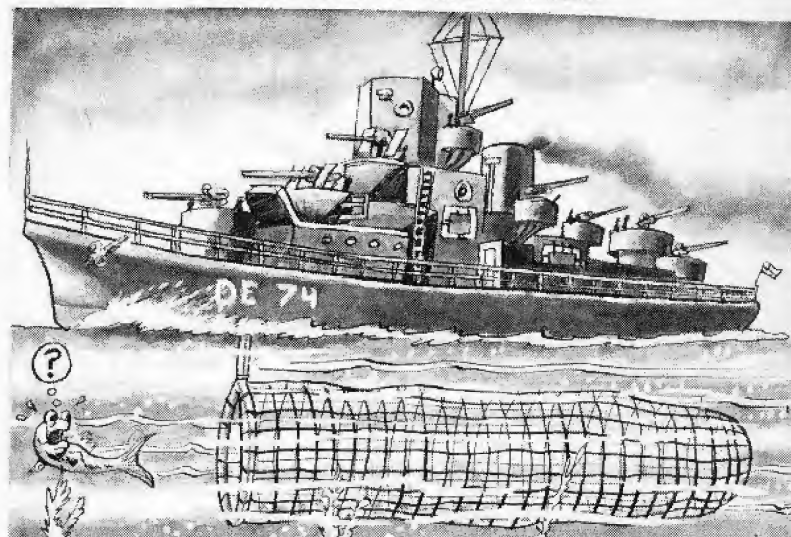
AIRPLANE DETECTORS



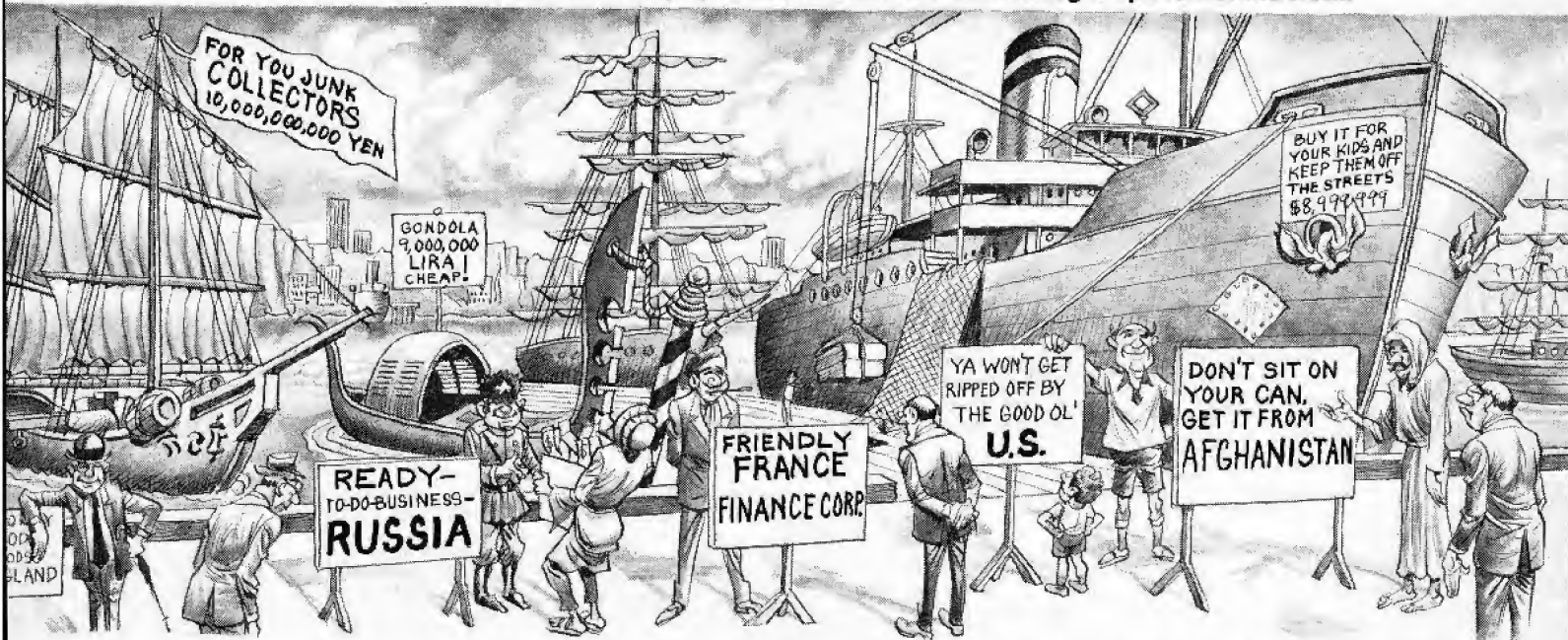
RADAR



SUBMARINE INTERCEPTORS



After World War II, all the countries were left with a surplus of ships. In 1947 they held a gigantic flea-market in the shipyards of New York. Kings, presidents and other rulers bought up most of the stock.



By the affluent 1950's and '60's, people who couldn't afford battleships and aircraft-carriers got their chance.



Today in the 1970's, people are still buying boats. But because of the economy and other factors, these are of a more modest kind.



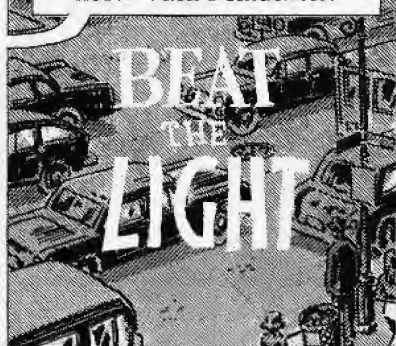
Currently, the rage on television is game shows, but it seems, like any good thing, when the saturation point is reached, gimmicks have to be added to keep the interest going. Well, **CRACKED** believes that T.V. producers will realize this too and start making these prize shows more pertinent to modern society or just more challenging. So, gaze with us now through our crystal ball as **CRACKED** offers you a preview of some of the

NEW T.V. GAME SHOWS FOR NEXT SEASON

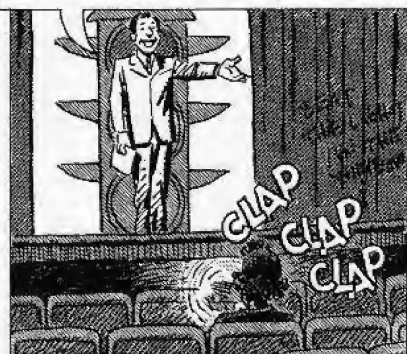
ARTIE CHOAKE—

BEAT THE LIGHT

Hello, America, I'm Johnny Bolson and it's that time of day again to play Beat The Light. So, let's put our hands together and give a big round of applause to our host—Jack Poindexter.



Ah, thank you for that big round of applause and welcome to Beat The Light—the game show where contestants get a limited amount of time to try and cross a busy intersection before the traffic starts coming again. So, let's go over to our playing area.



This morning we're on the corner of 5th and Mason and our first contestant is Mrs. Mildred Mongoose.

Morning, Jack.

Hi, Mrs. Mongoose. Are you ready to spin the time wheel?

Oh, right Jack. Here goes.



And we see you have a seven second red light before the traffic starts coming. Think you can make it across the street before the light changes?

I've been practicing, Jack.

Good. O.K., on your mark ... get set ... GO!





Oh, I'm sorry Mrs. Mongoose—you didn't make it. But we do have lovely parting gifts for you—and the way you look right now, I would think you'll be parting from us pretty soon—
Johnny.



Hi everyone, I'm Twink Nightingale and welcome to **GAMBLER** the game show where we roll the dice for cash—but with one twist—here the contestants use their own money.

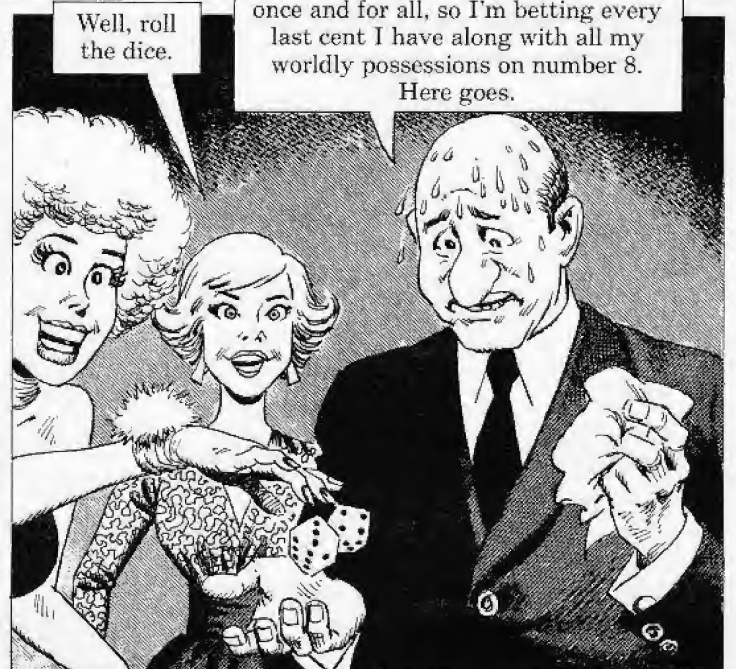
GAMBLER



Our returning champion is a blacksmith from Detroit, Michigan, Mr. Walter De Soto. Well, so far Walter, you owe us \$58,000, your house and your third child.



Twink, I'm gonna try and get even once and for all, so I'm betting every last cent I have along with all my worldly possessions on number 8. Here goes.



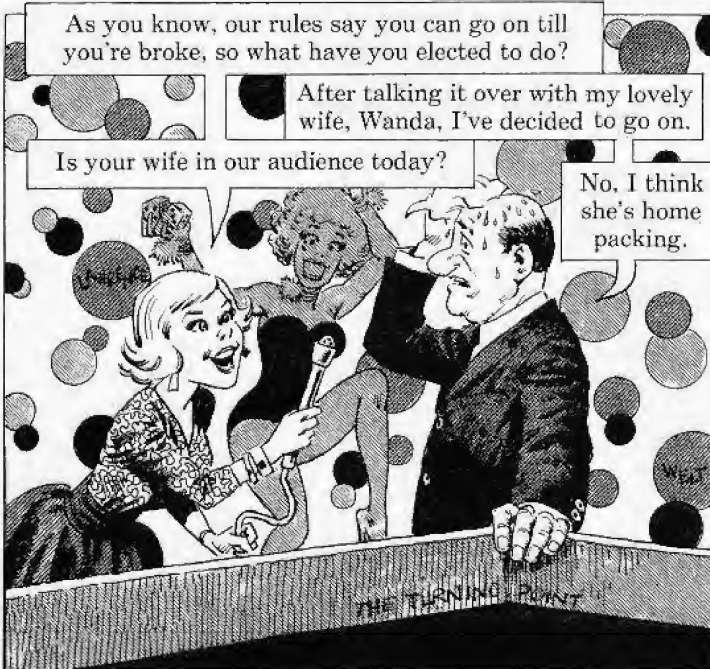
Well, roll the dice.

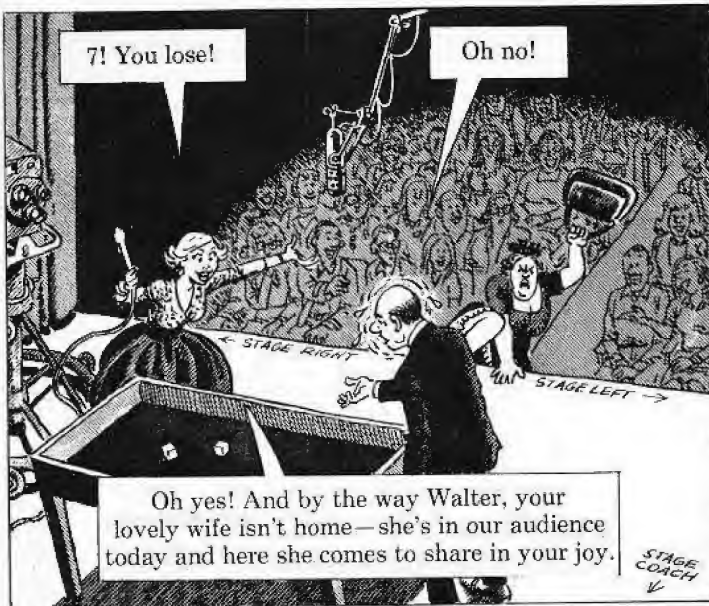
As you know, our rules say you can go on till you're broke, so what have you elected to do?

After talking it over with my lovely wife, Wanda, I've decided to go on.

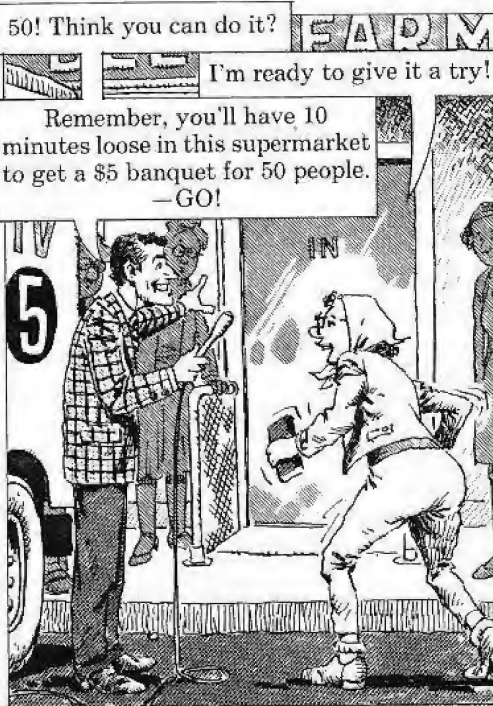
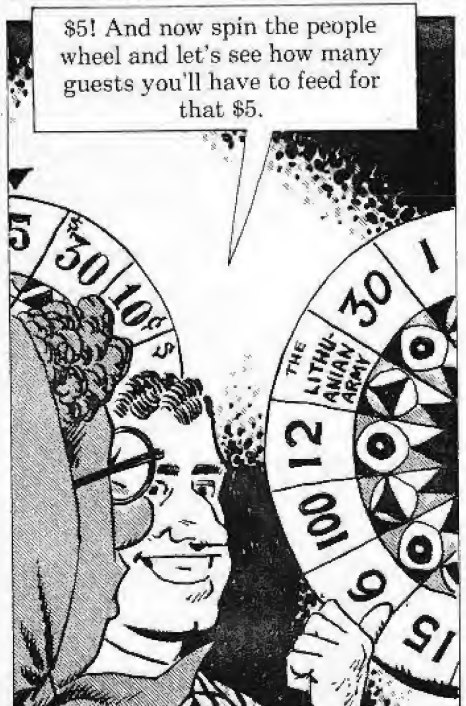
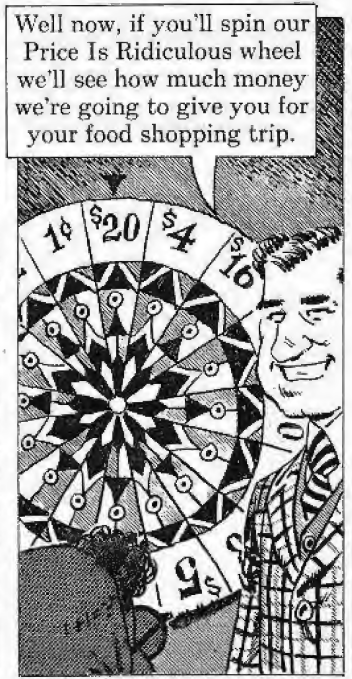
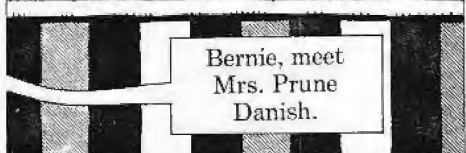
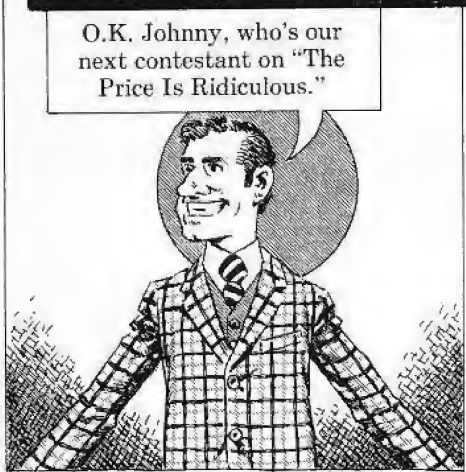
Is your wife in our audience today?

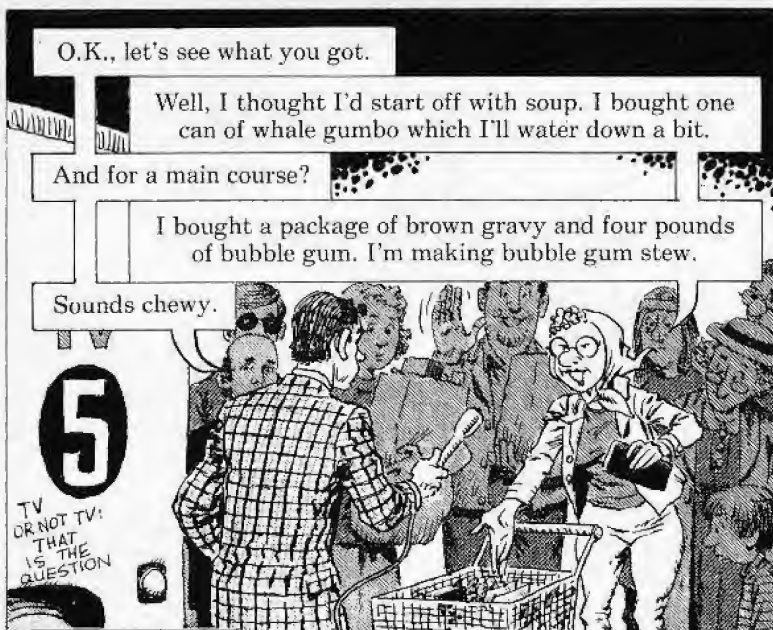
No, I think she's home packing.





THE PRICE IS RIDICULOUS





O.K., let's see what you got.

Well, I thought I'd start off with soup. I bought one can of whale gumbo which I'll water down a bit.

And for a main course?

I bought a package of brown gravy and four pounds of bubble gum. I'm making bubble gum stew.

Sounds chewy.

TV
OR NOT TV:
THAT
IS THE
QUESTION

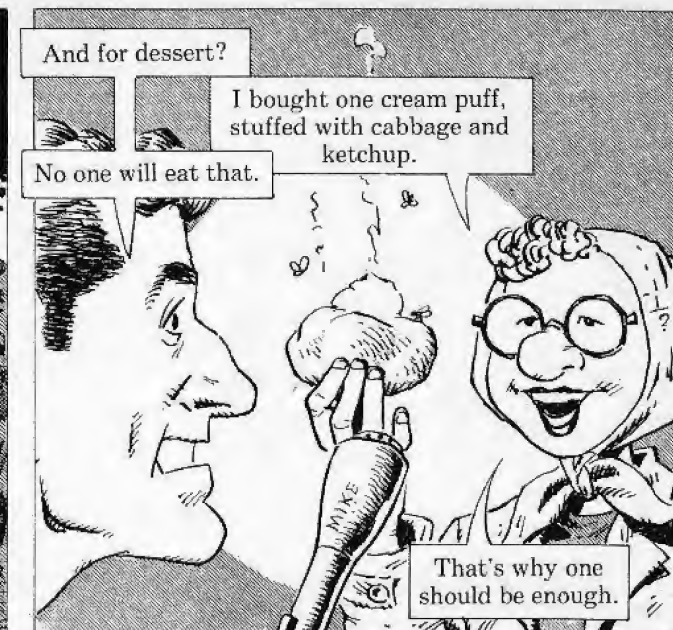


Well, you did it!
In these times of
ridiculous prices,
you managed to
feed 50 people
with \$5.

Yes!

Then I won?

What's my
prize?

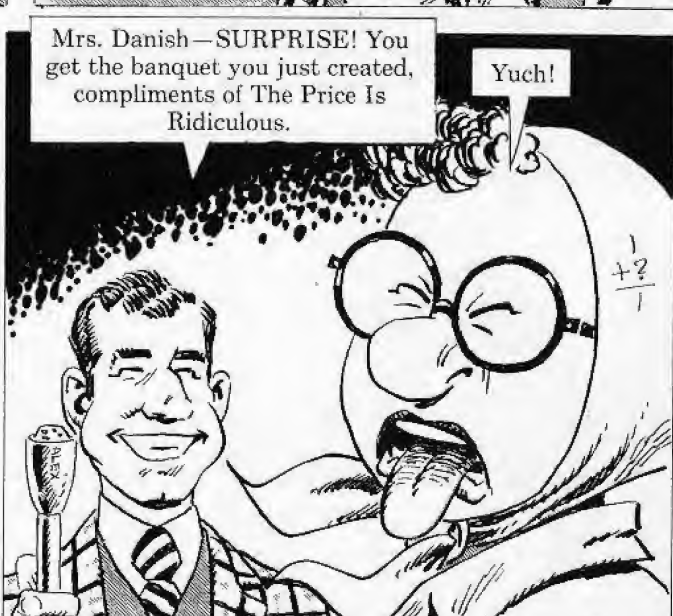


And for dessert?

I bought one cream puff,
stuffed with cabbage and
ketchup.

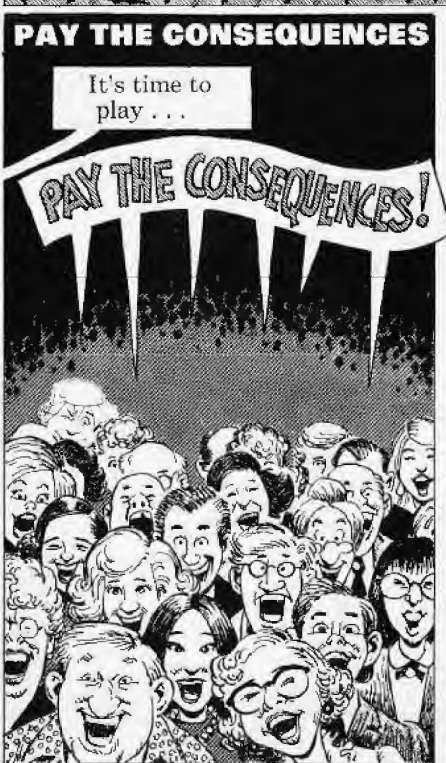
No one will eat that.

That's why one
should be enough.



Mrs. Danish—SURPRISE! You
get the banquet you just created,
compliments of The Price Is
Ridiculous.

Yuch!



PAY THE CONSEQUENCES

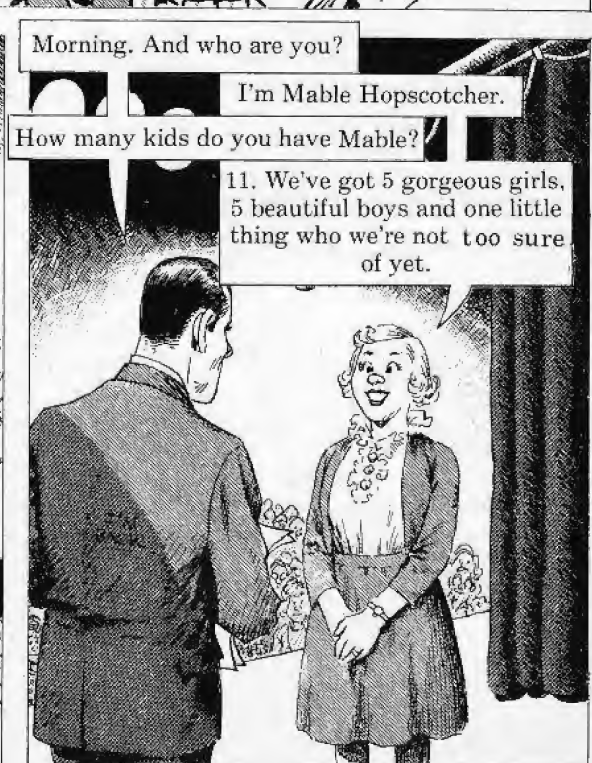
It's time to
play ...

PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!



Morning gang. I'm Bob Woofers
and this is the show that asks
nutty contestants to pull
crazy stunts in order to win
fabulously mediocre prizes.
And here's our first contestant.

APPLAUSE



Morning. And who are you?

I'm Mable Hopscotcher.

How many kids do you have Mable?

11. We've got 5 gorgeous girls,
5 beautiful boys and one little
thing who we're not too sure
of yet.

Well Mable, see if you can answer this question.
Where is the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge?

It's either Taiwan or Moscow. Oh—it's
probably a trick question so I'll say Taiwan.

No I'm sorry.

I knew I should
have said
Moscow.

Well, you couldn't answer our question for our fabulous,
mediocre prize, so instead you'll have to Pay The
Consequences with a little stunt. All we have to do is rob
the bank that's two blocks from our studio in five minutes
or less. Think you can do it?

Golly, that's some consequence.

Well, we have some
prize for you.

I'll do it.

O.K., we'll be watching Mrs.
Hopscotcher on our closed-circuit
T.V. here and—is she gone? Good.
Folks, unbeknownst to Mrs.
Hopscotcher, we called the fifth
precinct this morning and left an
anonymous tip about the robbery.
It's a sneaky trick, but it should be
fun to watch.

Hands up and put all
your bags into this
money I'm holding.

She's nervous—must
be her first robbery.

I think she's coming
back to the studio.

Bob, I did it, I did IT!

Up against the wall lady.
We got you for armed
robbery. That'll be 80 years.

Oh no.

Oh, you got caught, but look on
the bright side Mrs. Hopscotcher.

What's that?

When you get out, compliments of
Pay The Consequences, you'll receive
a two week, all expense paid trip to
Trenton, New Jersey.

Trenton, New Jersey?

Isn't that one of the finest
mediocre prizes you ever heard of?

Officer, I'm about to add murder
to my charges. Let me go.

I think it's time to bring on the
next contestant. Johnny—
Johnny? . . .

THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

SALE!

NEW SELECTIONS!

WHILE THEY LAST!

**ORDER NOW!
CHAOS LATER!**



CRACKED ANNUALS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send me the Annuals I have checked. Enclosed is which includes the total price of my selections PLUS 25¢ mailing and handling charge for each selection.

GIANT CRACKED #9	75¢	CRACKED GOES WEST	50¢
GIANT CRACKED #10	75¢	THE CRACKED GANGSTER GALLERY	50¢
KING SIZED CRACKED #8	75¢	THE CRACKED TV SCREEN	50¢
THOSE CRACKED MONSTERS	50¢		

NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

REMEMBER—Add 25¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.

THE CON BEHIND CONJURING SECTION

Across the country, magic is enjoying an unprecedented boom. Young and old are taking up the art of prestidigitation. Even the nation's economy is doing the sleight of hand bit, by making the dollar's value disappear before our very eyes. We offer our readers a chance to get in on the hocus-pocus act with our very own...

CRACKED GUIDE TO MAGIC



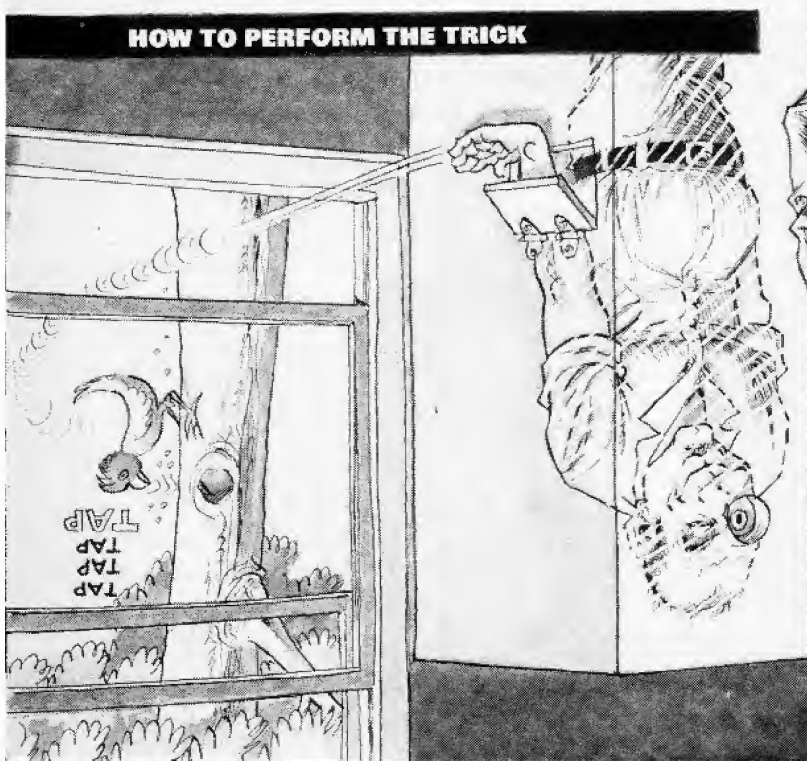
THE PICK A CARD TRICK You ask someone to pick a card from the deck



After the card is returned to the deck you show the subject the card he has selected.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



This simple trick calls for a confederate (A) to be hiding in a nearby closet (B). After ascertaining the identity of the card through peephole (C) confederate releases trained woodpecker (D) through closet opening (E). Woodpecker flies out of window (F) and relays the information to you, the magician, via a prearranged code of pecks (3 short pecks and 1 long peck signifies the ace of diamonds on tree G).

THE FLOATING BODY TRICK



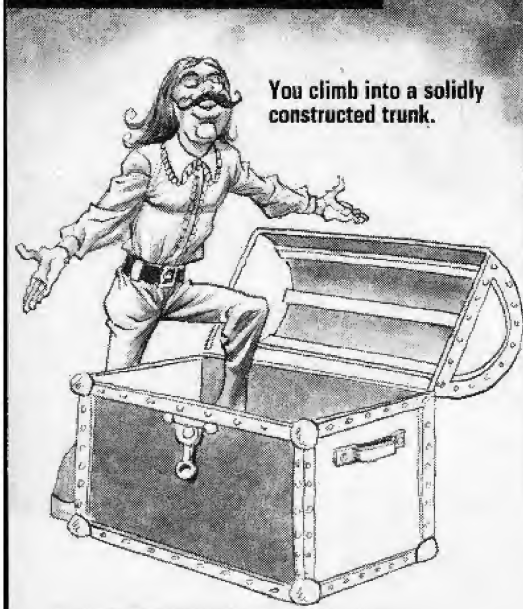
You levitate the woman and then pass a hoop over her entire body to prove she is not attached to any device.

HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK

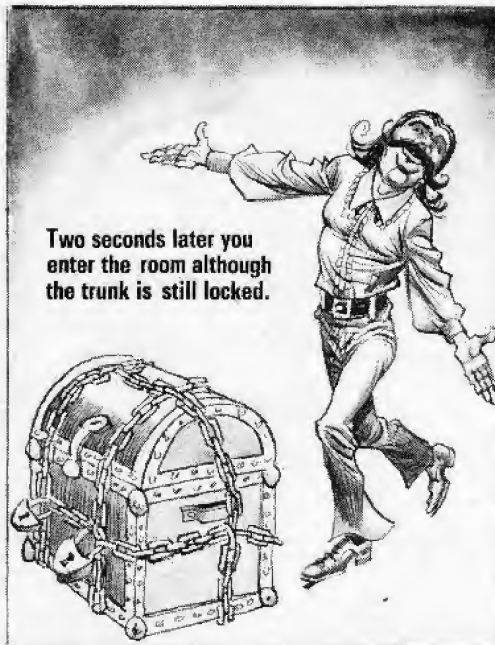


Prior to the trick you feed your assistant chiliburgers, pizzas, baked beans, and a Hungarian dinner. The resulting gas will cause the subject to rise in dirigible fashion.

THE GREAT ESCAPE TRICK

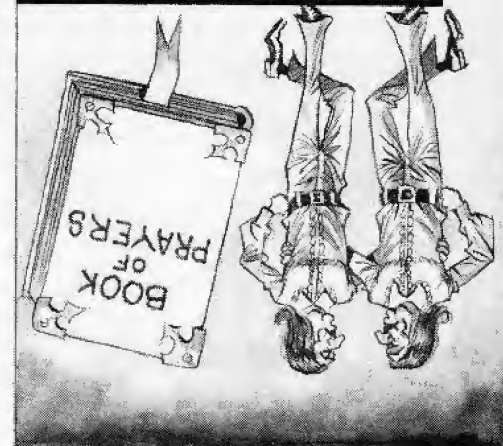


You climb into a solidly constructed trunk.



Two seconds later you enter the room although the trunk is still locked.

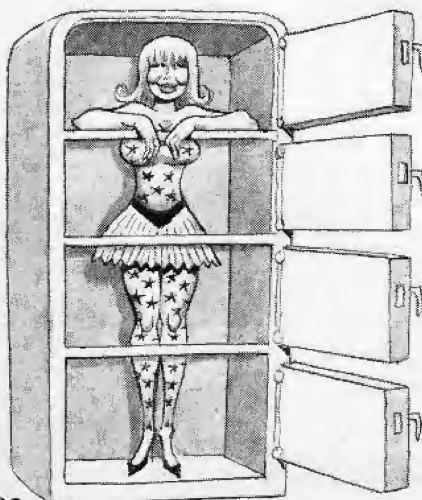
HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



The trick requires 2 simple props: an exact double and a prayer book to help you pray you can get your double out of the trunk before he suffocates.

THE MISMATCHED GIRL

Girl appears to be perfectly normal as she stands in a cubicle with four doors.



The doors are closed and when they are re-opened the assistant is completely topsy-turvy.

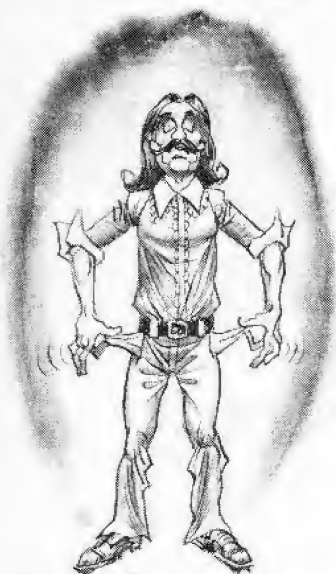


HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



Prior to the trick you pass out potent martinis. After 3 martinis you will have no trouble in persuading the audience to "see" anything you want them to see.

THE MONEY TREE TRICK



Your assistant then proceeds to pluck coins and dollar bills galore out of your pockets, ears, nose etc.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



The secret of the trick is to get a tax collector for your assistant... they can get money out of anyone!

PULLING A RABBIT OUT OF THE HAT TRICK

You display an empty top hat.



From it you pull out a rabbit.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



The trick requires an alert beaver (disguised as a rabbit) to be hidden underneath the table. At your signal he gnaws his way through the table top and into the hat where he dons his rabbit headpiece and waits for you, the magician, to produce him.

THE RIDDLED TRASH CAN TRICK

Your assistant climbs into a ordinary metal trash can.



The can is then riddled with machine gun bullets.



Your assistant emerges unscathed.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK

The trick isn't as easy as it looks. It calls for having a very shitty assistant, preferably a nimble-footed politician who can dodge bullets the way he dodges issues.

For years, food chains and manufacturers have been distributing "cents-off coupons" in an effort to get people to shop their stores or buy their brand of food—and it's worked. Well, with the economy being the way it is, we figured that this might be a good way for other businesses to stir up sales. And if our advice is heeded by the presidents of major companies, we predict that a year from now you'll be seeing these

YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT DOES HAVE A HEART

We realize that inflation has us all in a financial squeeze causing everyone to hustle a little bit faster to make that extra buck.

So, for a limited time only your man in blue will give you 20% off your next speeding ticket fine with the coupon below. Now isn't it nice to know that your police department cares!

**20% OFF
FINE**

Expires November 1, 1975
or after 1st Head On Collision

**20% OFF
FINE**



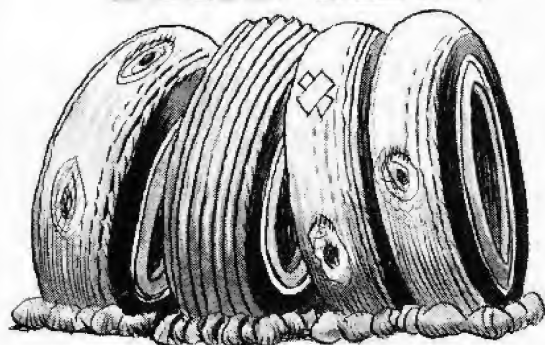
**20% OFF
FINE**

**20% OFF
FINE**

DISCOUNT

Present this coupon for a free gift at

CHARLIE'S TIRE SHOP



Buy any four tires and with
this coupon get the air
for each—FREE!!!

DO YOU LOVE MYSTERIES???

We'll then, just clip the coupon below and mail it and we'll
send you FREE—

MYRON BLACKNIGHT'S NEW BOOK

"The Great Chopped Liver Conspiracy"

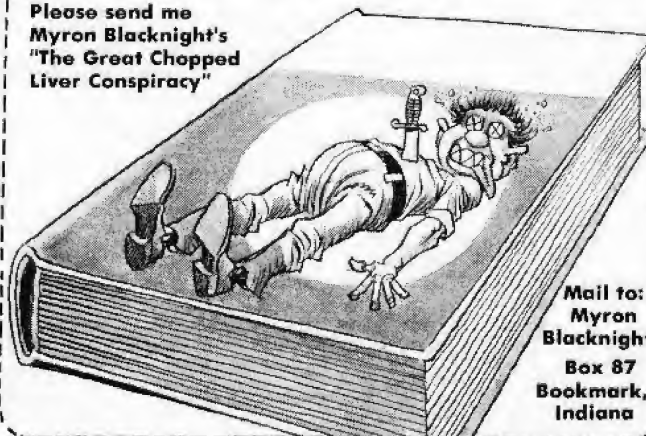
YES! 200 FREE PAGES

And, if you like those, why not send in \$14.95 later and
receive the exciting final 60 pages.

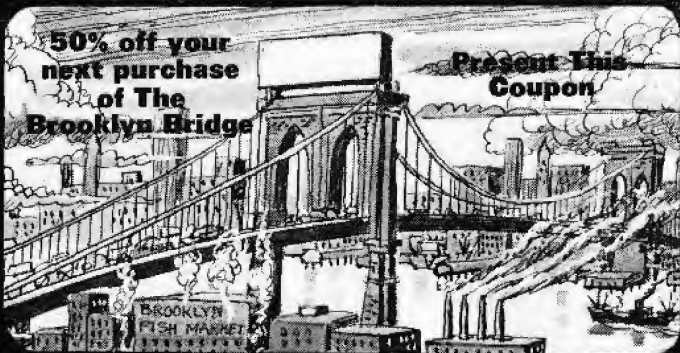
ACT NOW!

clip this, so we can clip you

Please send me
Myron Blacknight's
"The Great Chopped
Liver Conspiracy"



Mail to:
Myron
Blacknight
Box 87
Bookmark,
Indiana



**FREE
WITH
COUPON**

CINEMA 10

Movie Chain

With each paid admission receive two
(2) free exits from any of our movie
houses printed on back.

**FREE
WITH
COUPON**

**FREE
WITH
COUPON**

**FREE
WITH
COUPON**

COUPONS OF THE FUTURE

Dr. Birnbaum, your neighborhood Dentist, cares!

He realizes that everything is just too high these days, so he's doing something about it.

No, he's not lowering his fees (because he really doesn't care that much) but—

if you clip out the coupon below—with each tooth the good Dr. fills, he'll pull another one for only \$1.00.

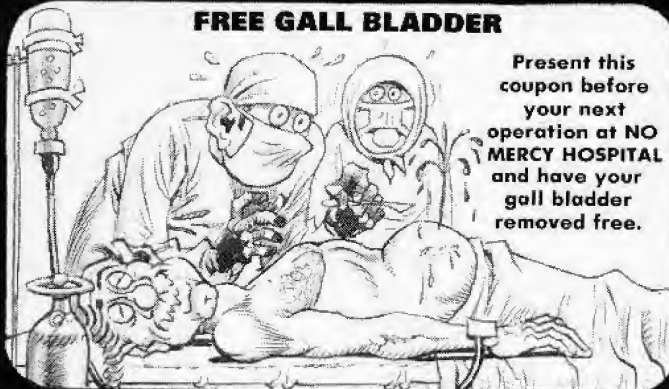
Think of it—each filling brings you a free extraction and if you know Dr. Birnbaum's work, you know that after he gets through filling a tooth, you'll probably need it extracted.

Dear Dr.—

This coupon entitles me to one extraction for only \$1 when I get a tooth filled by your 10 magnificent fingers.



FREE GALL BLADDER



Present this coupon before your next operation at NO MERCY HOSPITAL and have your gall bladder removed free.

**\$300
OFF**

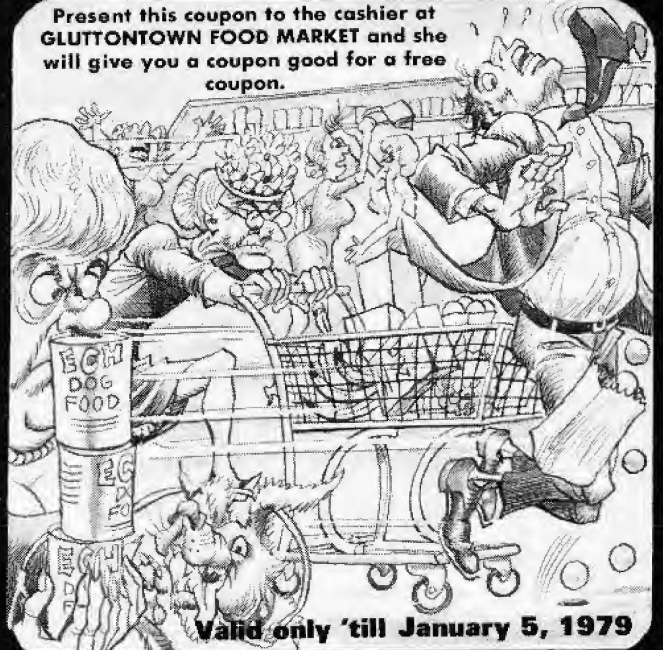
Our salesman will take \$300 off your next purchase. All you have to do is guess what that purchase has to be and you'll save \$300 from the original price.

**\$300
OFF**

**\$300
OFF**

**\$300
OFF**

Present this coupon to the cashier at GLUTTONTOWN FOOD MARKET and she will give you a coupon good for a free coupon.



Valid only 'till January 5, 1979

The United States Government has declared the economy in a state of recession and asks that people start spending more in order for us (the U.S.) to get back on its feet—so...

YOUR FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IS MAKING THIS INCREDIBLE OFFER:

With each 7 million dollars of goods bought in America and the coupon below, you will receive a national monument of your own choosing—FREE!!!

* Always wanted the Statue Of Liberty? —Now it's yours!

* Admired Mt. Rushmore? —Wrap it up and take it home!

Why settle for a plastic replica when now you can have the real thing.

BUY AMERICA TODAY

COUPON
COUPON

THIS COUPON (and a 7 million dollar purchase in American goods) entitles bearer to one FREE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

Offer limited to one monument per family. First come, first served. Offer may be withdrawn any time due to lack of merchandise.

COUPON
COUPON

It's that time again! The major league teams are getting ready for another season of our great national pastime, baseball. So pack your suitcase and take a sunny trip as...

CRACKED

TAKES A LOOK AT SPRING TRAINING



I think I can see Catfish Hunter. He's the guy counting his money!

Don't (puff, puff) make me run so far (puff, puff)! My sunburn's killing me!

I'm just going to sit here until I get more money. A man can't live on \$150,000 a year nowadays!

Watch this curve. My kid taught me how to throw it!

Throw it easy. My hand hurts. A bartender stepped on it a few nights ago!

YANKIES GO HOME

ED PLANK WAS HERE

Okay! I'll trade you two Tom Seaver bubble gum cards for three Hank Aaron cards!

My legs are out of shape. Last night, I could only dance the frug for an hour.

—And I just lost a grounder in the sun!

If they send me back to the minors, I'll quit! My three TV stations are making a lot of money now!

Me, too! I don't have to do this for a living. My chain of supermarkets is doing great!

I'm new here. Where's second base?

Over there! Near all those empty suntan lotion bottles!

How now brown cow... I'm the team's TV announcer.

Why don't you put on another 25 pounds and do a no-cal commercial?

No-Call

Luke, do you think you'll win 20 games this season?

Yeah! If they let me pitch against little leaguers!

Do, re, mi... I'm training to get the job singing the Star Spangled Banner.

?

PRESS

1/2

Every so often in the annals of moviedom, a great mystery comes along. Presently, we are at the point and the great mystery is, why did they ever let the following film out of the can? Well, we don't have an answer, but we do have a satire ready and, if you think the victim was butchered, wait'll you see what happens to the film, as we take a stab at

MURDERING THE ORIENT EXPRESS



Ah, my good friend, Inspector Parrot. How are you?

5 YEARS LATER ISTANBUL

Hungry. I think I told the waiter the wrong word for chicken. Anyway, I was hoping to leave on the Orient Express tonight, but it's all booked.

It's the murdering season you know. However, as a high official, I'll see if I can get you a berth.

That's very kind—and you will also get me proof that the berth is mine?

Naturally—you can't board the train without a berth certificate!

TODAY SPECIAL TURKISH DILITE DATE PIZZA

'Board! All aboard!

Hey mister, you buy this Omega watch from me? In America, worth over \$200—from me, only \$125.

I wouldn't give you \$10 for that piece of junk.

Piece of junk!! Not give me \$10!!—How about five?



I understand you're full-up.

Yes, sir—my wife made me quite a big lunch.

Not you—the train! This is Inspector Parrot. Think you can find him a compartment?

The Inspector Parrot!! Why, of course—if he doesn't mind being cramped.

Good morning, Mrs. . . ?

Cupboard. My, but this compartment is roomy. Mine is totally inadequate. My second husband would never put up with it, being accustomed to only the finer things in life.

And where is he at present?

Mexico. In keeping with his motto, he dumped me for someone else.

Inspector Parrot, I'm Mr. Hector Hatchet and I will pay you \$15,000 to protect me.

Foolish man. Right Guard will do it for only \$1.98.

CHEF'S SPECIAL
FROGS LEGS
PIZZA

But I've been receiving these letters saying that my life is in grave danger.

Mr. Hatchet, you worry for nothing. Trust an expert—there's nothing suspicious on this train.

Sir, the cocktail you ordered.

DID IT AGAIN!

THE ORIENT
EXPRESS
IS WELL
TRAINED

Why are we stopping?

The train is stuck in the snow bank. By the way, how are your quarters?

Adequate—except my bed keeps dripping.

Goodnight, Mr. McKing.

Goodnight.

Mr. Hatchet, I have your sedative.

This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I asked for a water-bed. Hark! Methinks all is not right.

Inspector, come quickly. It's Mr. Hatchet.

In a minute. I can't get out of bed until the porter finishes washing his hands.

Oh my gosh! Do you think he was murdered?

Either that or he was in the bad habit of tossing knives up and catching them in his chest.

Touch nothing!

Not even this?

Who do you think did it?

I will question everyone on the train and have the answer for you before we reach our destination.

And if you fail?

Then we will circle Istanbul until I do!

Mr. McKing, you were Mr. Hatchet's secretary, weren't you?

Yes, I was.

But you can't type, take steno or make a decent cup of coffee. Why did he hire you?

Inspector, shall I bury the Hatchet?

I have nice legs.

Actually, Mr. Hatchet had received two threatening letters. One said "I kill you" and the other, "Prepare to die."

But why hire you?

I was the one who wrote the letters.

Next, I will question Mr. Bellowings, Mr. Hatchet's butler.

I know who I am.

He did it.

How can you be so sure?

Didn't you ever see "Psycho"?

Yes, but they don't. One question—what was in the sedative you brought Mr. Hatchet?

Just this.

CRACKED is taking your typewriter to the repair shop because the "O" is upside down!

And you are Mrs. Cupboard, if I remember.

Yes. I **hated** Mr. Hatchet. For years, I wished I could see him with a **knife** in his back, with his neck tied in a **knot** and his ears stuffed up his nose.

How long did you know the man?

BY NOW, YOU MUST REALIZE THAT THIS IS REALLY MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN!

Never met him.

I am Miss Heckstrum and I am a no good woman.

I know. This is why I have no questions for you.

Then may I be **excused**? I'd like to go back and finish **cleaning**.

Your room?

My gun.

And now a question for you, Mr. Parrot. How do you keep your hair looking the way it **does**?

I have the oil changed twice a year or every 10,000 miles

Mrs. Smith, your maiden name, Waldgreen, is of Hungarian extraction.

So? The tooth I had pulled last week was by **dental extraction**.

Is this your handkerchief?

May I see it?

Ah, Countess Dragonwagon, Maid Hildagirdle and poochies—The Countess looks tired—or dead!

Actually she's dead tired.

From what?

She was up half the **night** helping her friend Mr. Hatchet with a **stabbing chest pain**.

And where were you two last night?

A pipe-cleaner was found in the deceased's ashtray and you, Col. Sergeant, are the only one on board that smokes.

Untrue! The train smokes.

I hadn't thought of that.

And now the Italian, here. What have you got to say for yourself?

Pizza, Sophia Loren, Linguini, Marcello Mastroianni . . .

Forget it. I don't speak any Italian.

Bochi, set up 11 chairs and summon all the suspects into the dining car.

Why only 11 chairs when there are 12 suspects?

I will now give you my theory as to who the murderer is. While I am addressing you, there will be no talking. Are there any comments before I begin?

Yes, I . . .

Ah ha! Fooled you. I said no talking. You're it, Mrs. Cupboard.

The murderer?

Everyone seems so innocent. No motive. So should I guess incorrectly, the one without a chair will be it.

No, the biggest chatterbox on the whole train.

Do you all remember the Strongarm kidnapping?

No! Never heard of it!

I contend that Mr. Hatchet was the escaped kidnapper of that child. Mr. McKing knew about it and contacted Countess Dragonwagon who was the girl's grandmother. Her servant, Hildagirdle, was the Strongarm cook at the time and had won ten free mambo lessons for the night in question, but was tied to a chair when baby Strongarm was kidnapped and had to miss them.

So, it rings a bell in all your minds.

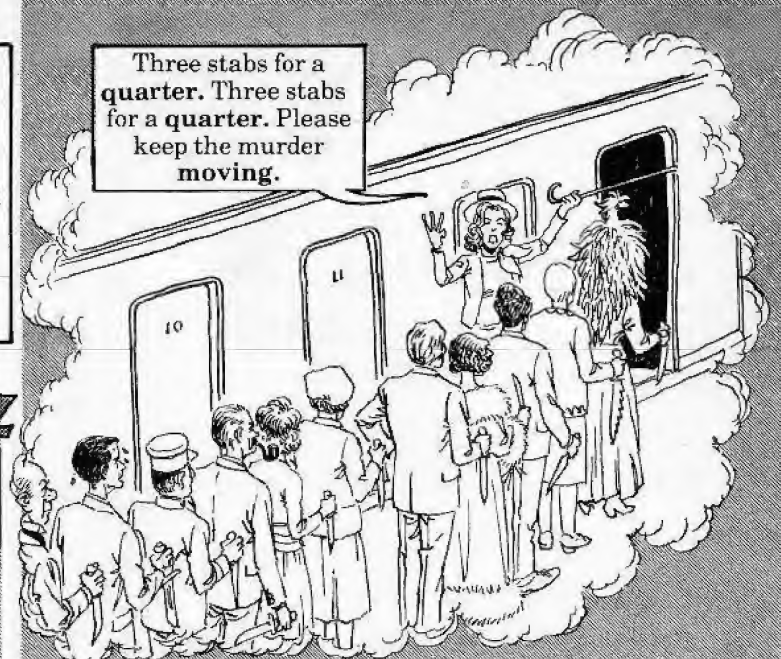
THAT HAIR REALLY GETS A ME!

WELL, I THINK HE PAINTS IT ON!

HO HUM!

Mrs. Cupboard, the baby's step-mother by a former marriage to Mr. Hatchet's butler's brother who was a cousin to Mr. Smith and a distant relative of Countess Dragonwagon's two pekingese, was also in the house at the time. Mrs. Heckstrum was the child's godmother and was furious because Marlon Brando refused to be the godfather. Now, before I get into more detail—on the night in question, all 12 of you lined up in alphabetical order in front of Mr. Hatchet's compartment and . . .

Three stabs for a quarter. Three stabs for a quarter. Please keep the murder moving.



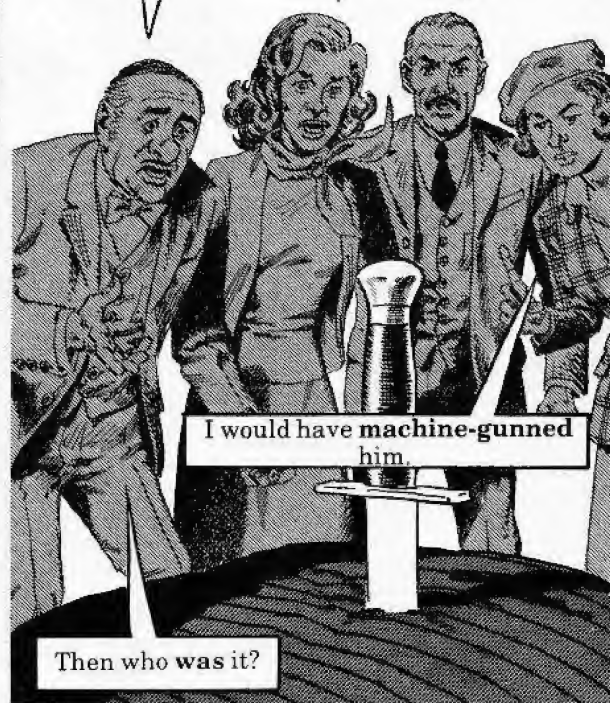
. . . stabbed Mr. Hatchet to death. What have you all got to say for yourselves?

A simple sentence would have sufficed.

Inspector Parrot! Who could have done it?

Not me.

Me, either.



I would have machine-gunned him.

Then who was it?

Us! That's what you get for charging \$3.50 and then totally confusing your audience.

CHARLIE CHAN USED TO DO THE SAME BIT "ONLY BETTER!"

...AND CHEAPER!

WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED TILL IT CAME ON T.V.!

EVEN THE POPCORN IS STALE!

CRACKED is finding out that aspirin gives you a headache!

RICH PITCH SECTION

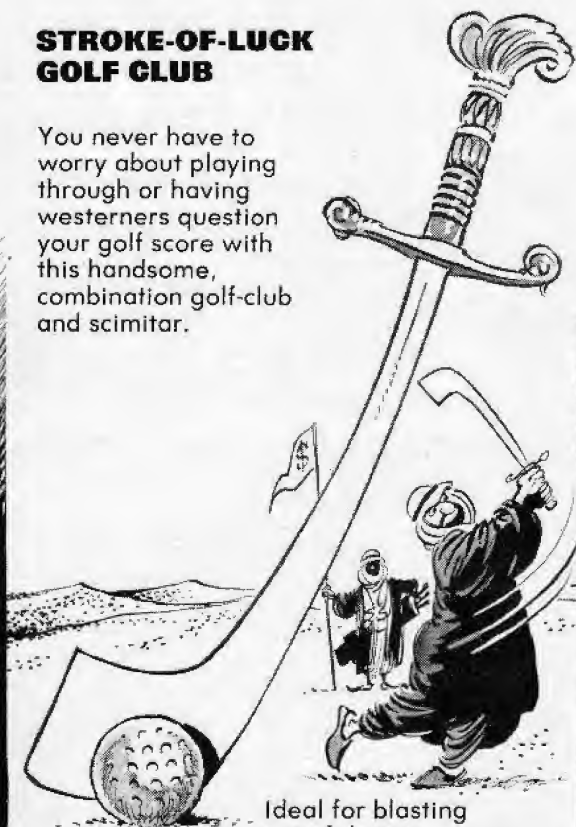
Most of the world's wealth is now concentrated in the hands of the Arab countries. Let's face it; if western businessmen want a piece of the oil money they're going to have to come up with . . .

PRODUCTS AND ADS DESIGNED FOR THE ARAB MARKET



STROKE-OF-LUCK GOLF CLUB

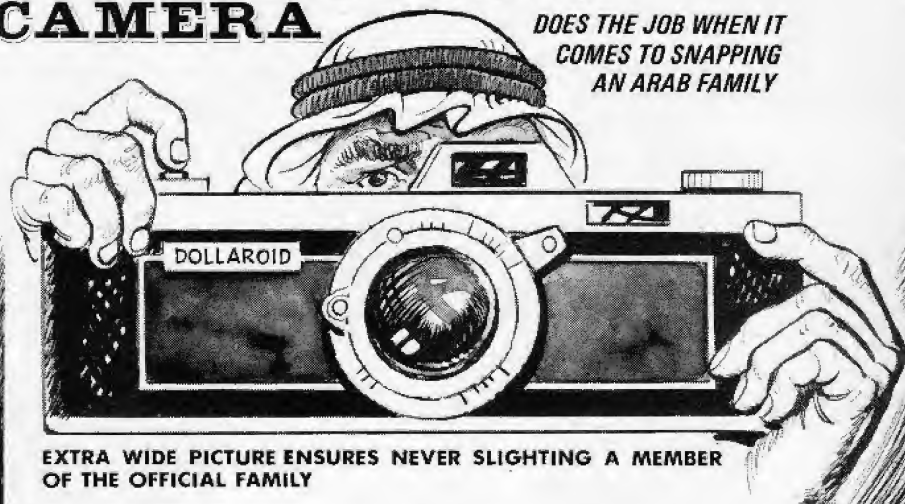
You never have to worry about playing through or having westerners question your golf score with this handsome, combination golf-club and scimitar.



Ideal for blasting out of desert sand traps

ONLY A MULTIBAMBINO CAMERA

DOES THE JOB WHEN IT
COMES TO SNAPPING
AN ARAB FAMILY



EXTRA WIDE PICTURE ENSURES NEVER SLIGHTING A MEMBER OF THE OFFICIAL FAMILY



ACTUAL PHOTO OF SHEIK ABDULLAH MOOLAH, HIS 33 WIVES AND 102 SONS AND DAUGHTERS

PRODUCTS FOR THE HAREM

PASHA VAULT

FOR MAXIMUM AROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION & SECURITY

**DON'T DEPEND
ON OLD-FASHIONED
HAREM GUARDS!**

INSIDE: Electronic Guards Stand Ready To Blast Away At Any Intruder Who Breaks The Electronic-Eye Circuit



ONLY YOU AND YOUR VIZIER
KNOW THE COMBINATION



**DON'T WASTE PRECIOUS WATER ON BATHS...
DOUSE YOUR HAREM WITH**



sultan phone system

**PUTS YOU IN INSTANT TOUCH WITH
THE HAREM OF YOUR CHOICE**

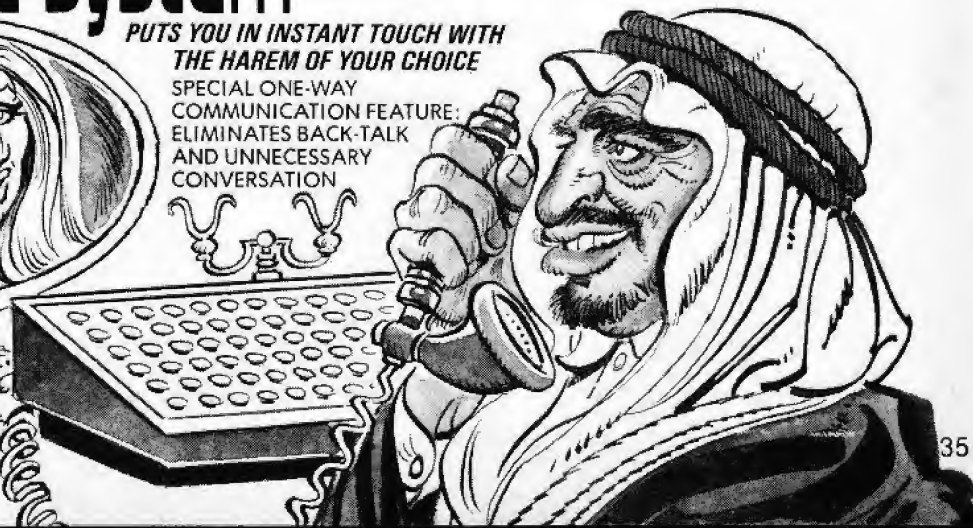
SPECIAL ONE-WAY
COMMUNICATION FEATURE:
ELIMINATES BACK-TALK
AND UNNECESSARY
CONVERSATION



VIDEO SCREEN SAFETY FEATURE

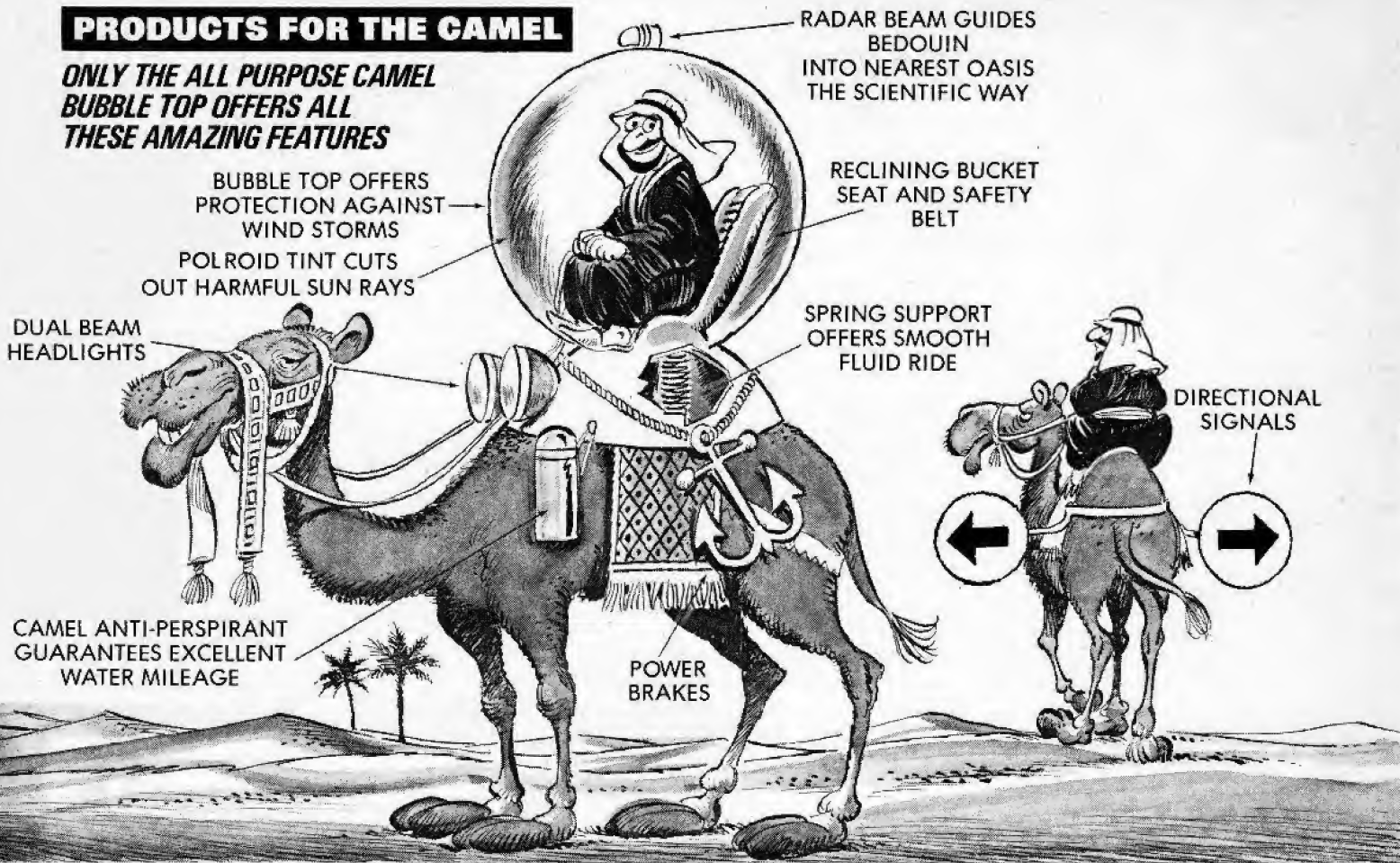
YOU NEVER NEED TO WORRY
ABOUT SUMMONING THE
WRONG WIFE BECAUSE OF
A FAULTY MEMORY

ENOUGH PUSH-BUTTONS TO
TAKE CARE OF UP
TO 100 WIVES



PRODUCTS FOR THE CAMEL

**ONLY THE ALL PURPOSE CAMEL
BUBBLE TOP OFFERS ALL
THESE AMAZING FEATURES**



YOU'RE IN GOOD PALMS WITH ALL-CARAVAN CAMEL INSURANCE

**WITH ALL-CARAVAN INSURANCE YOU'RE PROTECTED
FROM ALL TYPES OF DESERT MISHAPS**



FALLING DATE CLUSTERS



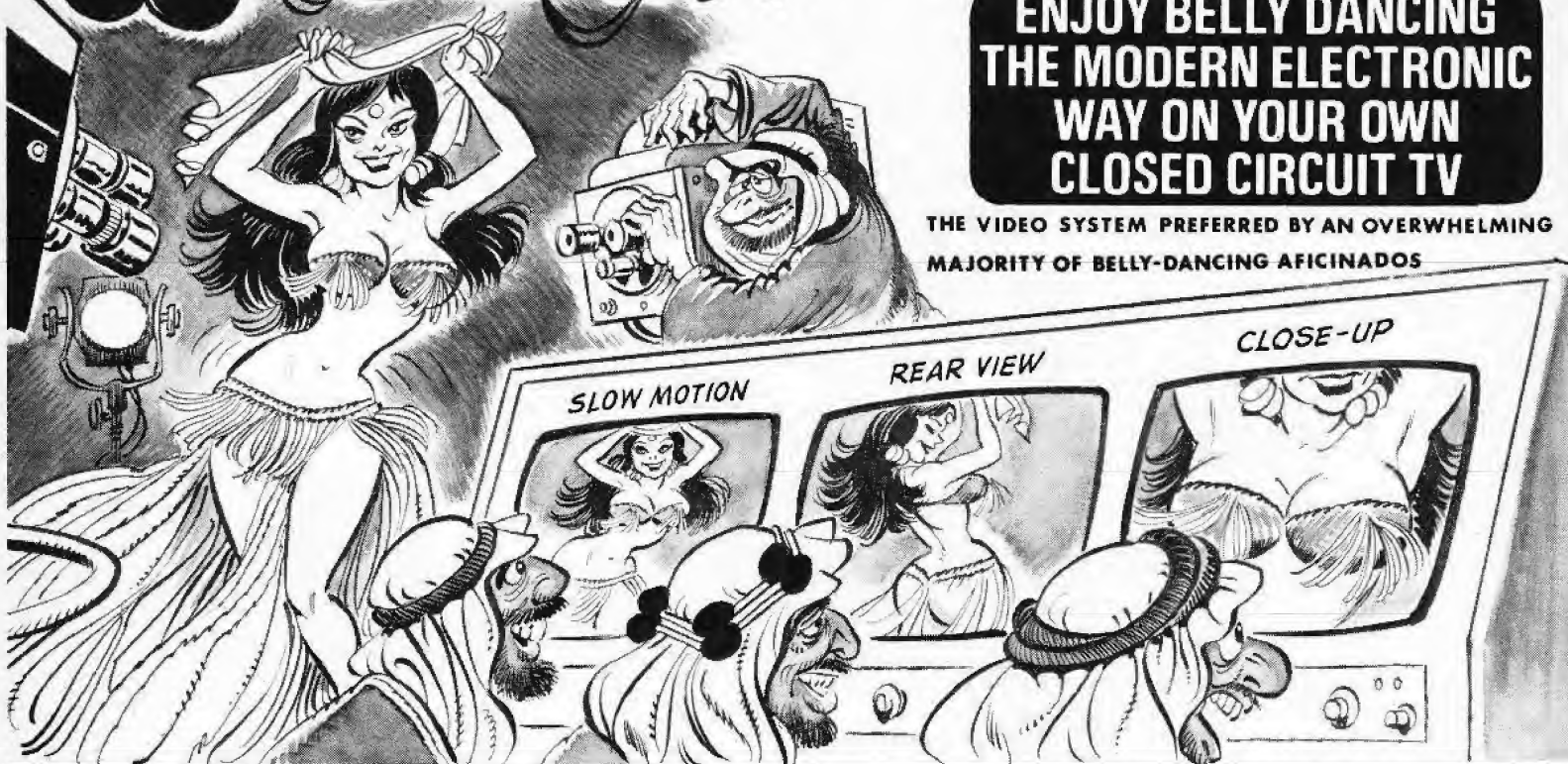
WHIPLASH



CAMEL SPRING FEVER

**ENJOY BELLY DANCING
THE MODERN ELECTRONIC
WAY ON YOUR OWN
CLOSED CIRCUIT TV**

THE VIDEO SYSTEM PREFERRED BY AN OVERWHELMING
MAJORITY OF BELLY-DANCING AFICINADOS

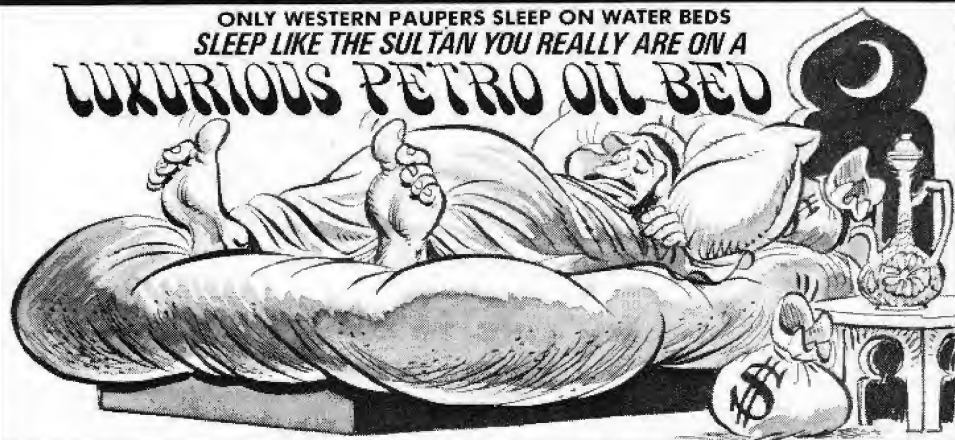


**WHEN YOU'VE GOT 32
MOTHERS-IN-LAW
YOU'VE GOT AN
HEXEDRIN HEADACHE**

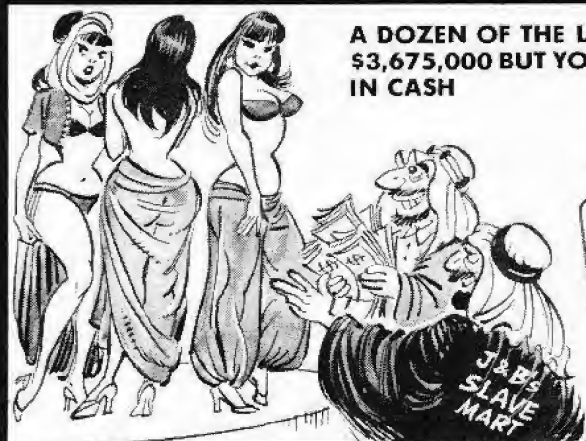


**THE SUPER HEADACHE
REMEDY MADE
ESPECIALLY FOR SHEIKS,
SULTANS AND SHAHS**

**ONLY WESTERN PAUPERS SLEEP ON WATER BEDS
SLEEP LIKE THE SULTAN YOU REALLY ARE ON A
LUXURIOUS PETRO OIL BED**



**A DOZEN OF THE LONG-STEMMED ONES COST
\$3,675,000 BUT YOU'VE GOT ONLY \$2,788,000
IN CASH**

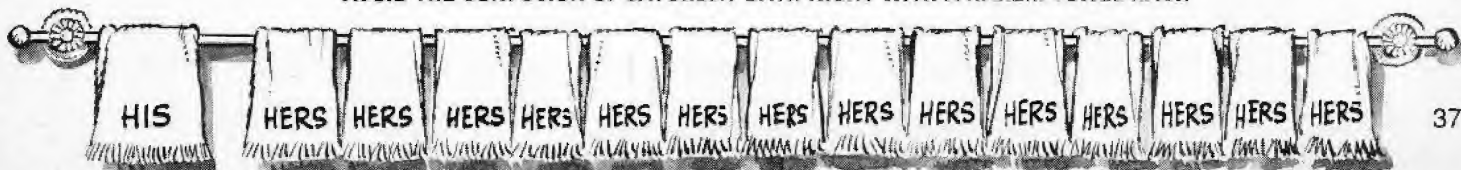


**RELAX
YOU'VE GOT SHEIK CHARGE**



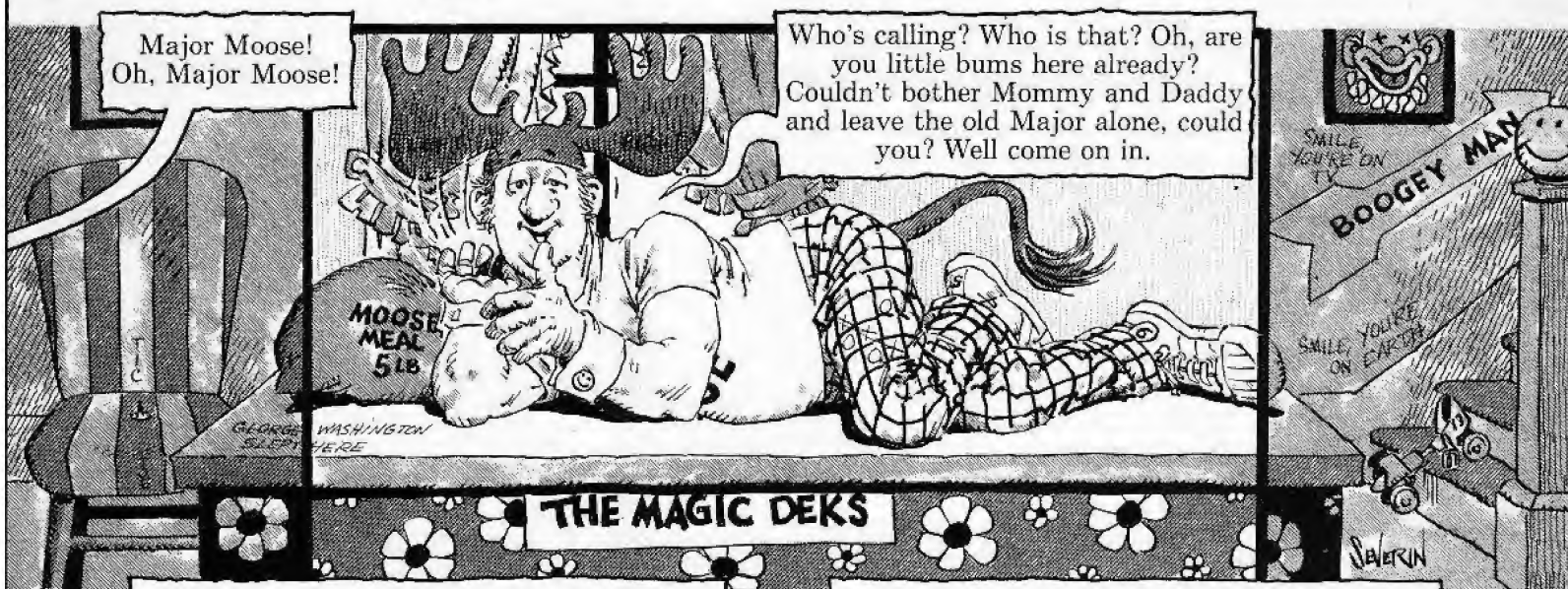
**YOUR CARD IS ALSO
GOOD FOR BUYING UP STORES,
RESTAURANTS AND BANKS**

AVOID THE CONFUSION OF SATURDAY BATH NIGHT WITH A HAREM TOWEL RACK



The kiddie shows on the air these days have lost all their class. "Sesame Street," "The Electric Company" and even "Captain Kangaroo" see as their main goal, learning, and are devoid of any personality. Where are the days of the fun people like Soupy Sales and Buffalo Bob Smith—grown men who came on, joked with the viewers, did some silly things; in other words, dressed up and made total fools out of themselves and all the kids who were watching them. You know the programs we mean. Those like:

THE MAJOR MOOSE SHOW



THE MAGIC DEKS

SABERIN

Today, do we have a great show for you. I'm gonna read you a story, show you some cartoons, pass along the race results...

Why it's your old pal Mr. Foot. How's it going?

A pretty-a good. Listen, I gotta joke-a for you. Whad'da ya call a hula hoopa with a nail-a in it?

I don't know. What do you call a hula hoop with a nail in it?

Oh Major Moose...

Who is that?

Oh Major Moose...

THOUGHT OF THE DAY

"BE TRUE TO YOUR TEETH OR THEY WILL BE FALSE TO YOU!"

HAND PUPPET

FISTICUFF

A navel destroyer.



That's a pretty good, no?

No!—So, what letter of the alphabet are you going to teach us today?

"X"!—Like the way you sign-a your name.

And what begins with the letter X?

I write'em down for you.

OH, MAJOR MOOSE

VERY STRONG FIST...
COULD USE IT IN THE
"HANDY HARDY" SERIES

Well enough of you Mr.
Foot. Why don't you go to
sleep? What's say, kiddies?
Let's watch a cartoon.

Hey, it's dark in here!

LITTLE
BEAU
CAN'T
PEEP!

MAJOR
MOOSE

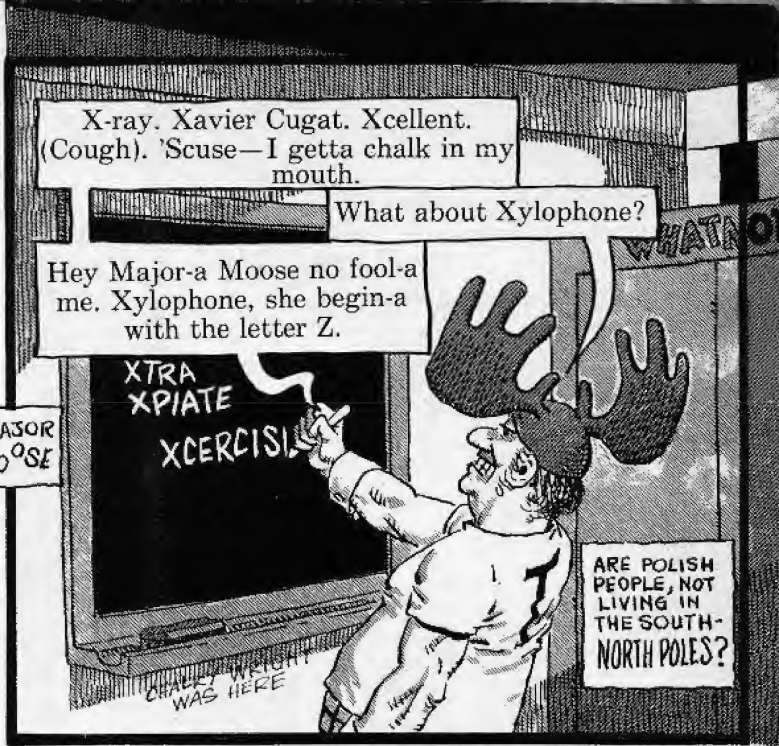
What's a
man my age
doing
here?!

TOY CHETS

Did you like that one boys and girls? Oh, I
know you did—that's why I've been
showing it to you for the last 200 weeks
straight.

BE YOURSELF
IT'S SAFER
THAN YOU
THINK!

HUMPTY
DUMPTY



X-ray. Xavier Cugat. Xcellent.
(Cough). 'Scuse—I getta chalk in my
mouth.

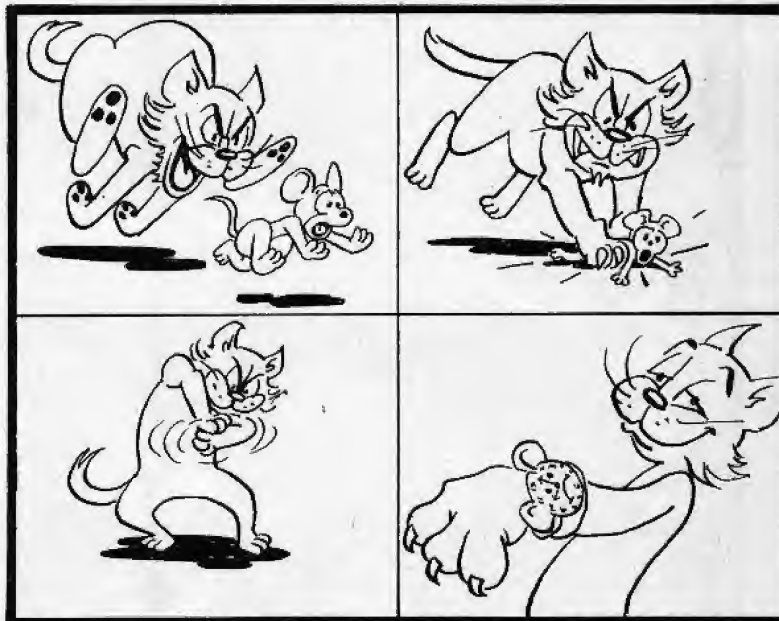
What about Xylophone?

Hey Major-a Moose no fool-a
me. Xylophone, she begin-a
with the letter Z.

XTRA
XPIATE
XCERCISE

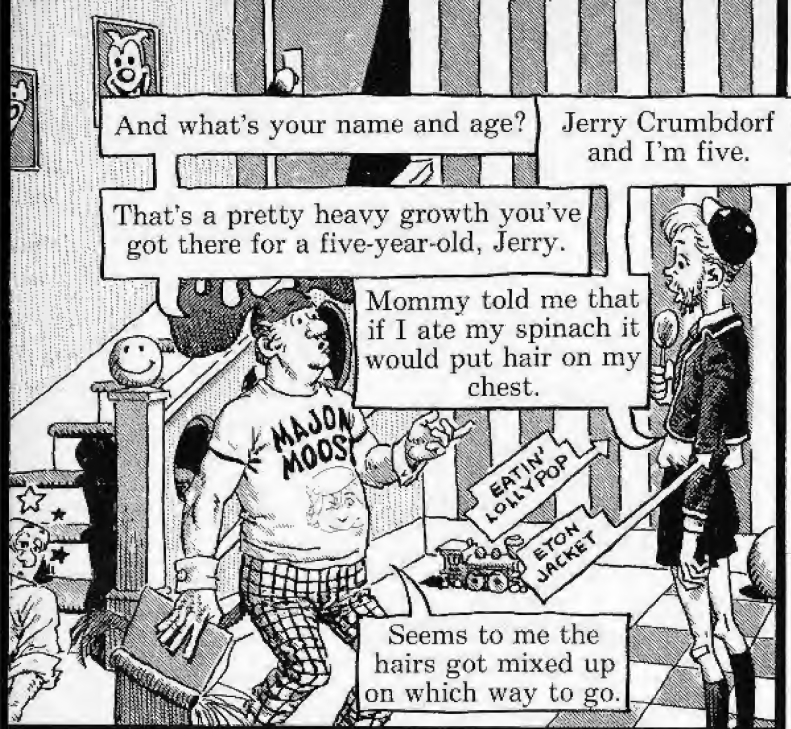
CHALK WEIGHT
WAS HERE

ARE POLISH
PEOPLE, NOT
LIVING IN
THE SOUTH-
NORTH POLES?



And now you little rascals
it's story time and the old
Major, of course, has
invited another little
viewer out there to come
to the studio and
be read to.



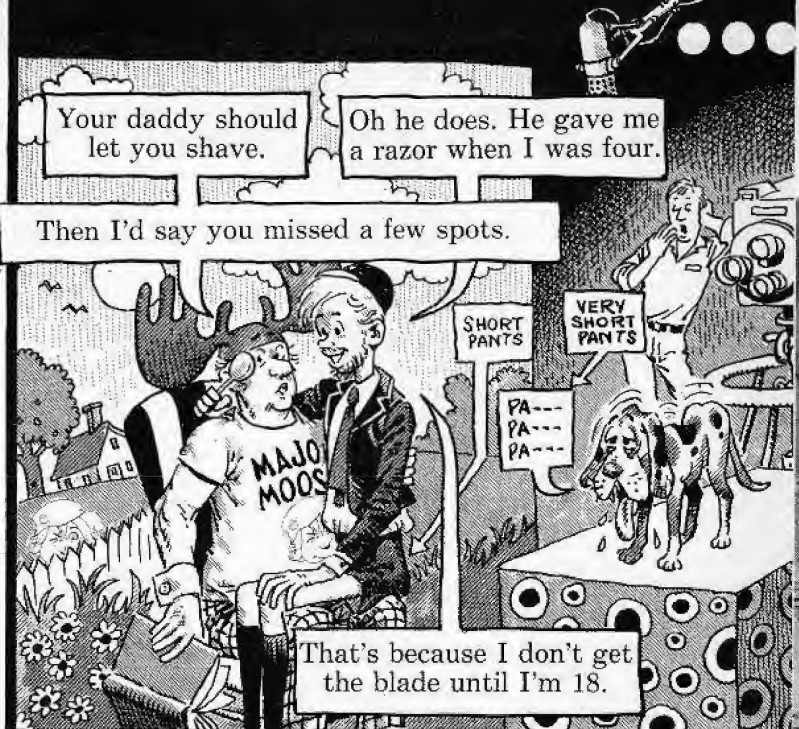


And what's your name and age? Jerry Crumbdorf and I'm five.

That's a pretty heavy growth you've got there for a five-year-old, Jerry.

Mommy told me that if I ate my spinach it would put hair on my chest.

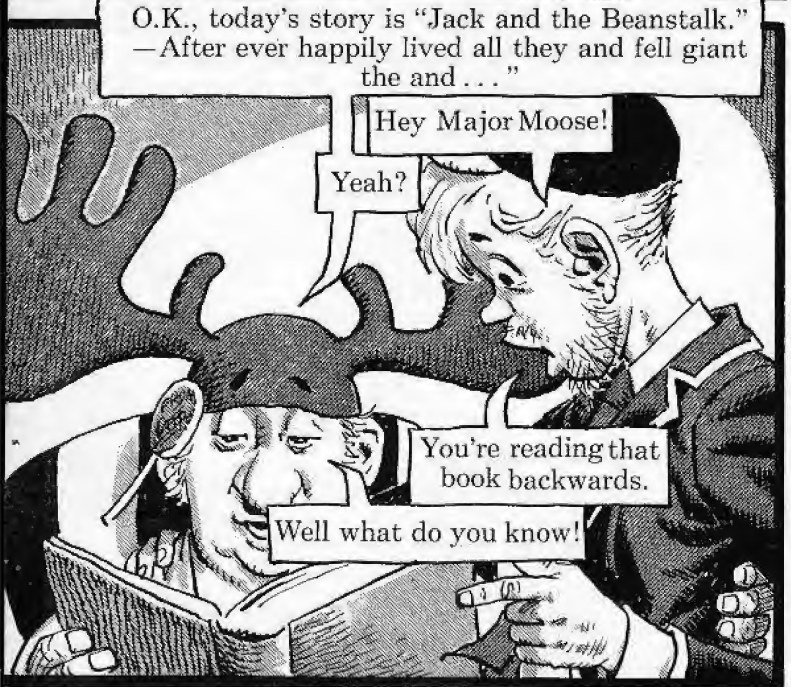
Seems to me the hairs got mixed up on which way to go.



Your daddy should let you shave. Oh he does. He gave me a razor when I was four.

Then I'd say you missed a few spots.

That's because I don't get the blade until I'm 18.



O.K., today's story is "Jack and the Beanstalk." —After ever happily lived all they and fell giant the and ...

Hey Major Moose!

Yeah?

You're reading that book backwards.

Well what do you know!



Well I never liked that story anyway.

Does that mean story time is over?

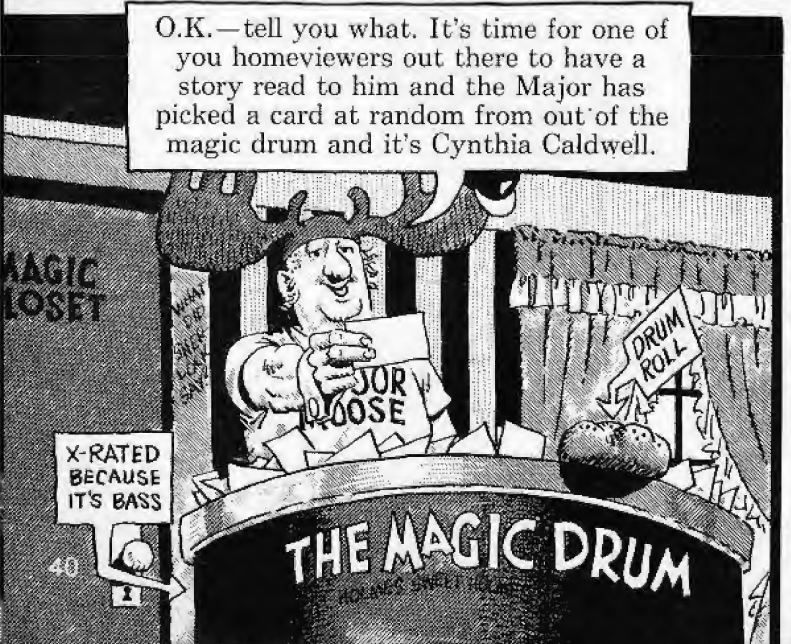
You'd better believe it. Now get off my knee you big dope.

Want a No-Doz for it?

My foot is falling asleep.

A GREAT OAK IS ONLY A LITTLE NUT WHICH HELD HIS GROUND

CRACKED is trying to mug somebody on the street with an electric razor ...



O.K.—tell you what. It's time for one of you homeviewers out there to have a story read to him and the Major has picked a card at random from out of the magic drum and it's Cynthia Caldwell.

X-RATED BECAUSE IT'S BASS

THE MAGIC DRUM



Cynthia?

Yes.

O.K., why don't you just hop onto my knee—there, I'll place the phone in my lap and read you a story.

Forget it Major Moose. You've read that crumby book as many times as you've shown that junky cartoon—click!

Nasty little thing. Well, instead, I'll show all of you out there what you can make with this plain sheet of paper—without even the aid of scissors! I know how clumsy some of you are.

First, tear it in half. Then in quarters—and do you know what comes after quarters? Right! Half dollars. Then rip it into eighths, 16ths, then 64ths—uh oh, I forgot 32nds, so let's go back and rip it into 32nds now and then 128ths. And after you've done that, throw all of this into the air and you know what you've made?

PROPERTY
OF
HOLIDAY
OUTT

THE EASIEST WAY
FOR A MAN TO
GET HIS WIFE'S
ATTENTION...
IS TO LOOK
COMFORTABLE!

BULLWINKEL
IS A FINK

A snowstorm! Right—and you've also made a terrible mess, so before mommy comes, sweep it all under the rug with her dirt.

O.K., what do you say we go out to the garden. I hear Mr. Overalls has a very special animal for us today. We've been reading all your crayola letters asking us to knock it off with all the bunnies and birds and bring you something decent. So, let's see what he's got.

Wow! A lion! Tell us a little about this beast Mr. Overalls.

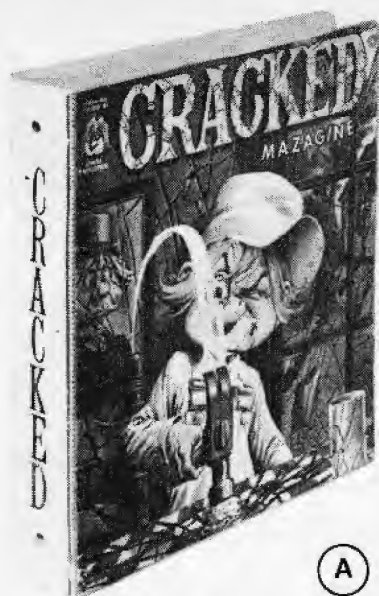
Well, he's about four feet high, has sharp teeth, a stomach capable of holding a man and will eat just about anything when he's hungry.

Well if his enzyme juices don't dissolve you, Mr. Overalls, make sure you bring us another cool animal tomorrow.

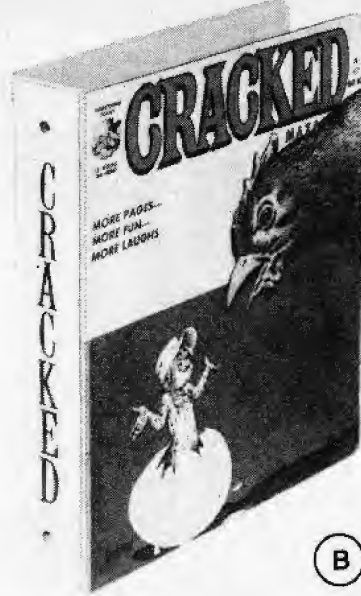
Well, that's about all the time we've got. Don't forget to tune in tomorrow... but that'll be kind of hard for you little rascals since the old Major isn't seen on Saturdays. Got you again!—Well, so long from your old pal Major Moose!

If I ever get out of here Major, it's back to bunnies and birds.

I'M REALLY THE
STAR OF THIS SHOW
**MAJOR
MOOSE**



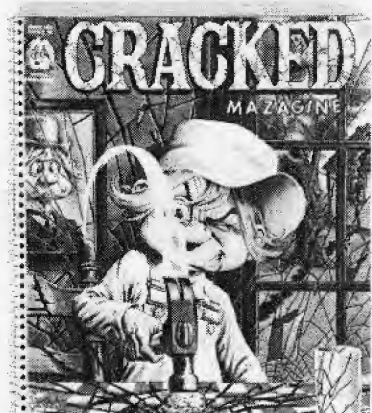
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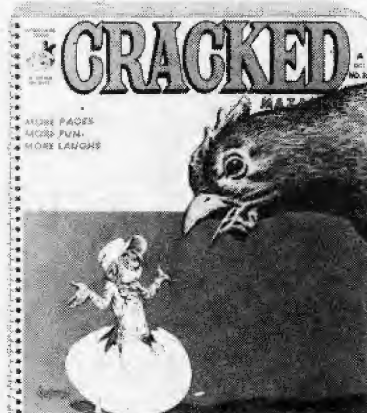
(B)



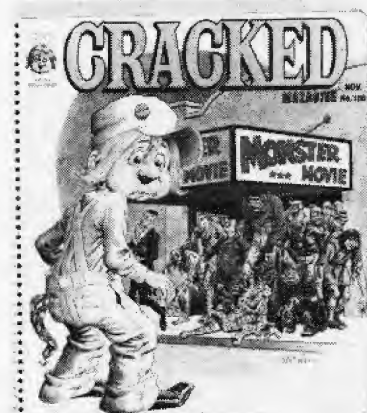
(C)



(D)



(E)



(F)

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A distinctive CRACKED binder or notebook of your own will mark you as someone who's **with it!** Besides having the fun of owning one, you'll have the benefit of a useful school-tool! So go, man . . . order yours TODAY!

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Please send me the CRACKED binders or notebooks I have checked. My enclosed remittance includes a 50-cent handling and mailing charge for each item.

Quantity	Item	Price
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_____	BINDER "B"	_____
_____	BINDER "C"	_____
_____	NOTEBOOK "D"	_____
_____	NOTEBOOK "E"	_____
_____	NOTEBOOK "F"	_____

Plus 50¢ each for handling and mailing

please
print carefully

Total remittance \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

George Orwell's 1984 was the first book to use the phrase "Big brother is watching," but today, in an era of Watergate and wiretaps, it seems that not only is big brother hanging out, but little sister is also right in there with him. How do these men work? Who hires them? Well, you'll soon find out as...

CRACKED INTERVIEWS

THE SURVEILLANCE KING

Nanny Dickering here. This month CRACKED has sent me to the I.C.U. Surveillance Company to interview the top man in the trade—Mr. Tom Peeping.



Greetings, Mr. Peeping, I'm ...

S-h-h-h! Don't you know that it's impolite to interrupt someone's conversation.

Oh, I'm sorry, but I didn't hear you speaking.

Not my conversation ...



... theirs!!

You're listening to that man and woman talk, way over in that other building?

Actually Nanny, they're not talking ...

Oh.

They're whispering.



Do you always use hidden microphones to eavesdrop?

No, sometimes I use my big ear.

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a personal defect.

No, dummy, not my big ear ...





... this big ear. It can hear a pin drop over 200 yards away.

Amazing. Can I see it in operation?

OUR MOTTO: STOP SNOOP + LIES!

Sorry! It has to be cleaned and at the moment I'm all out of Q-Tips.



Why are you looking in on them?

That woman's husband suspects that she's been seeing the milkman for reasons other than delivering milk.

What makes him suspect that?

The milkman comes every morning and yet my client still has to drink his coffee black.



And here's me as an azalea bush.

You had lovely flowers there.

I did until the gardener trimmed them. —Me as an ice cube. I hid out in a bowl of punch one evening gathering evidence.



DISGUISE #17

And what was the result of that mission?

Frostbite!

DAGGERS



WE WORK UNDERCOVER, OVERCOVER, AND IN-BETWEEN THE COVERS!

Mr. Peeping, I didn't think you'd be a soap opera fan. Isn't that "The Upset Stomach?"

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED SPY SPY AGAIN

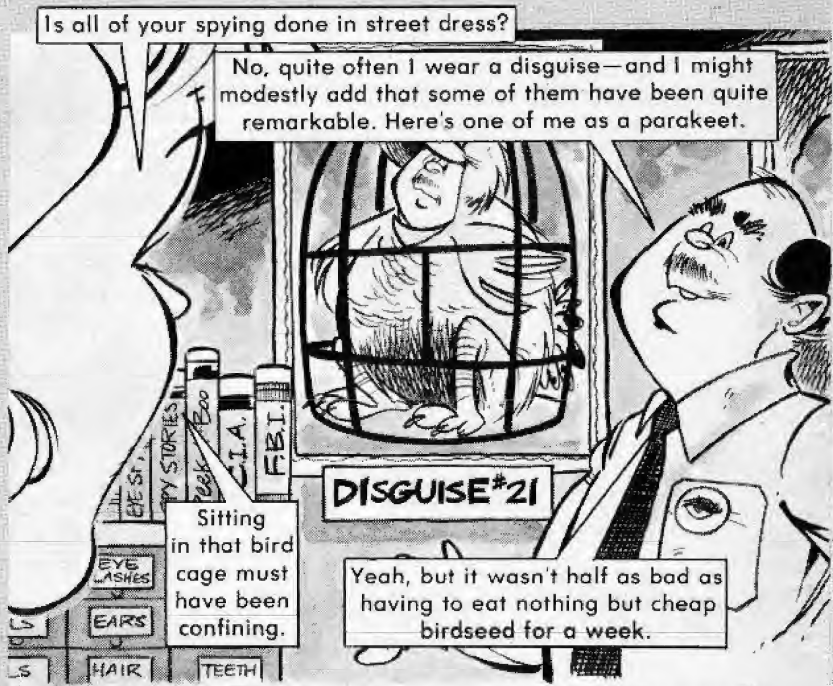
That's life in 3D.

Tommy, I'll miss you every minute you're gone.

And I you.

I never heard of that show.

It's not a show. That's a monitor of what's going on in apartment 3D of this building.



Is all of your spying done in street dress?

No, quite often I wear a disguise—and I might modestly add that some of them have been quite remarkable. Here's one of me as a parakeet.



DISGUISE #21

Sitting in that bird cage must have been confining.

Yeah, but it wasn't half as bad as having to eat nothing but cheap birdseed for a week.



My gosh, it's 4 o'clock. Listen Nanny, there's a fashion show I have to attend now. Would you care to come along?

Why, I'd love to.



Ah, Mr. Peeping, this isn't exactly what I pictured when you said we'd be going to a fashion show. Couldn't the promoters have given you better seats?

Nanny, the people running this didn't give me **any** seats. I'm filming it for one of their competitors.



Well, did you enjoy the show?

I'm afraid I saw very little of it hiding in that piano.

Perhaps, but you gotta admit one thing.

What?

You heard the music better than anyone else.

EXIT



What is your man doing in there?

He's spying on the kid in the checkered shirt.

Really! Who hired him?

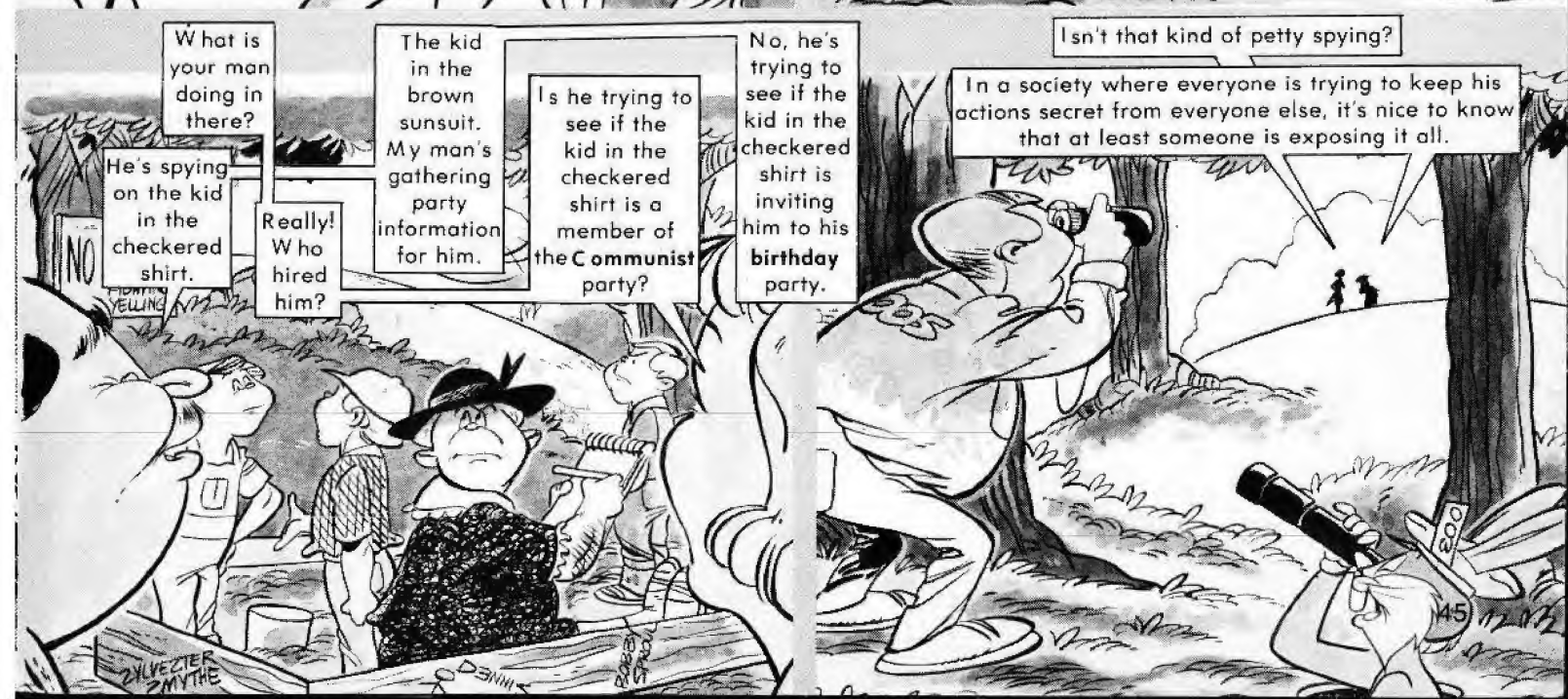
The kid in the brown sunsuit. My man's gathering party information for him.

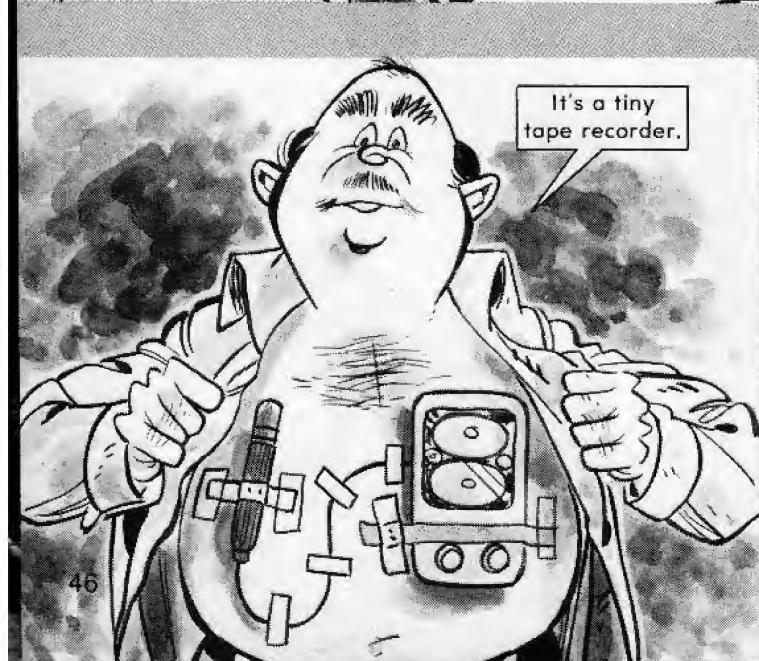
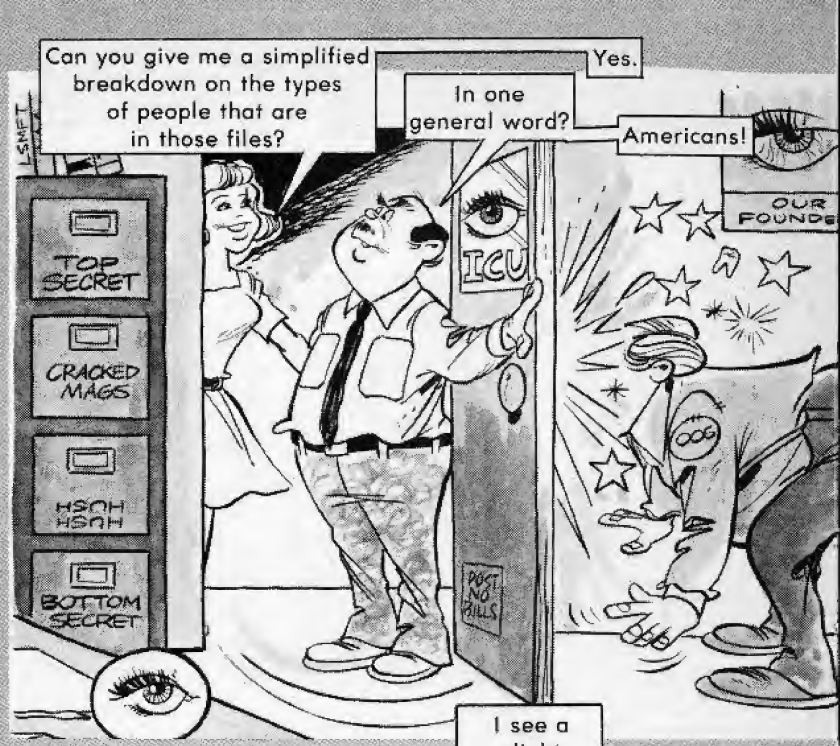
Is he trying to see if the kid in the checkered shirt is a member of the **C**ommunist party?

No, he's trying to see if the kid in the checkered shirt is inviting him to his birthday party.

Isn't that kind of petty spying?

In a society where everyone is trying to keep his actions secret from everyone else, it's nice to know that at least someone is exposing it all.





I have to admit that I feel a little uneasy talking to you—sort of like whatever I say now may one day be held against me.

Nonsense, Nanny. I don't record everything I do or say.

That's a relief.

Would you mind repeating that. I don't think the bowl of fruit on the table heard you.

Don't you feel guilty listening in on other people's conversations?

Nanny, the first amendment guarantees free speech in the privacy of your own home.

Then you do feel guilty?

On the contrary. I'm not listening in the privacy of anyone's home—I'm in a truck two miles away.

Surveillance people must have very strange conventions. Where are they held?

In everyone's own office. Once a year we just bug each other's place for a week and learn what the latest developments are that way.

Tell me sir, what's that wire there?

Wire?—Oh my gosh, Nanny! This office is bugged!!

This is disgraceful. Disgusting.

Convention time?

But sir, isn't that what you do all day long?

To others, yes. But to have it happen to myself!...

Well Nanny, that'll have to be it. I gotta go and find a new bugproof place to operate from.

Is there anyplace in America free from surveillance?

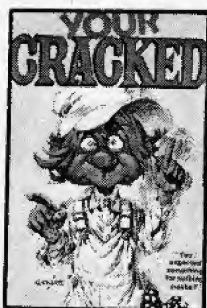
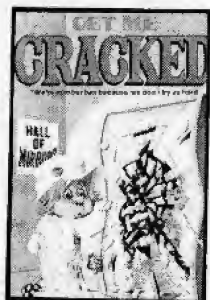
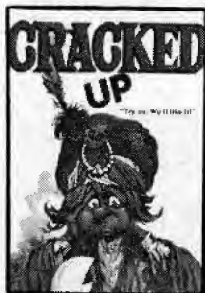
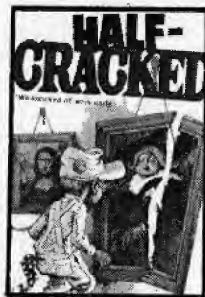
I doubt it!—Wait! There is somewhere that would never be bugged because nothing of any importance ever happens there.

And where's that?

The offices of CRACKED!

And this is Nanny Dickering signing off reminding you that these days, not only do the walls have ears—but they have eyes as well!

HEY, YOU!



We've got what you're looking for—something to fill in those dull times between the regular issues of CRACKED and commercials. And don't forget, they really will fit in your pocket!

MAJOR MAGAZINES
235 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10003

Please send me the CRACKED paperbacks I have checked. I am enclosing the indicated price of each one plus 25¢ mailing and handling charge.

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☐ GET ME CRACKED.. 75¢
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Plus 25¢ each mailing charge.

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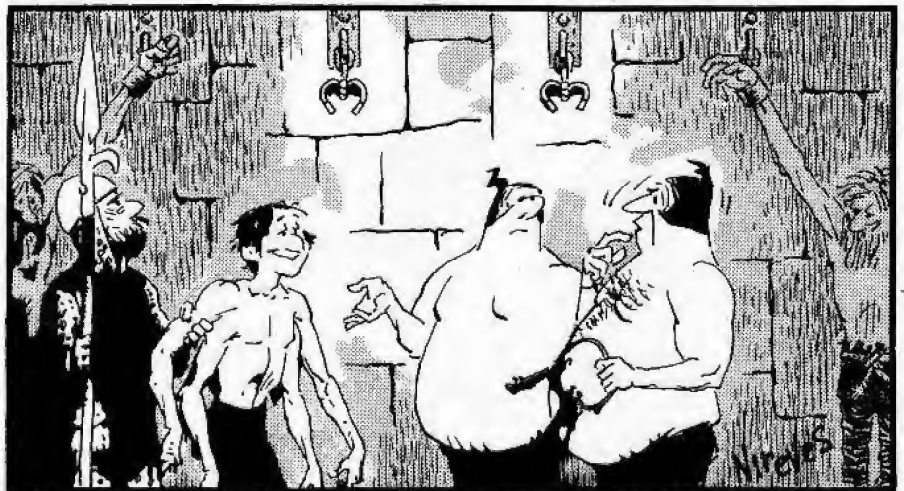
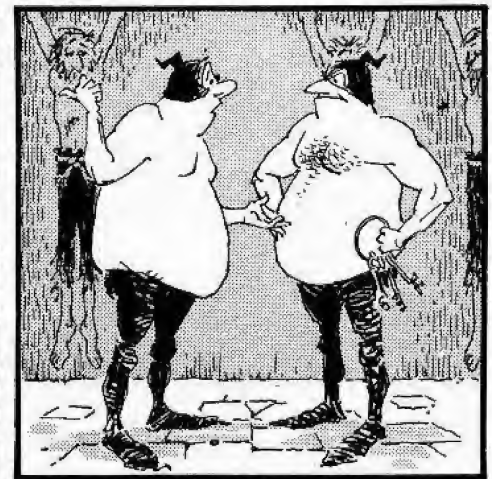
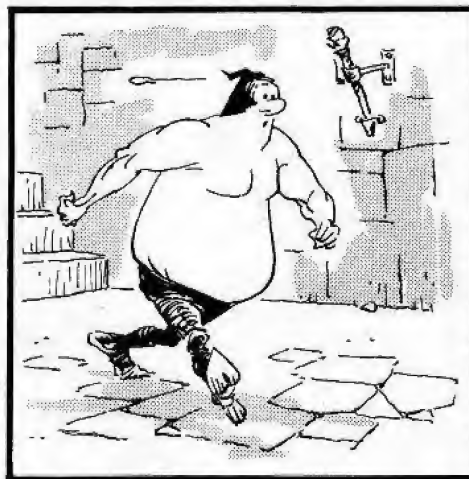
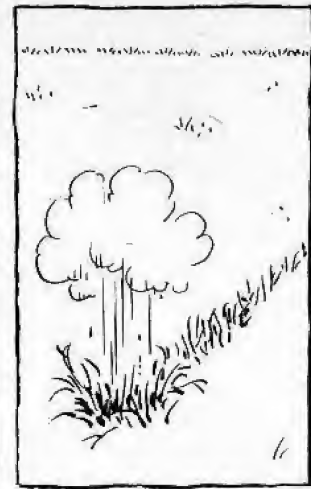
STANLEY

by Murray Ball

Continuing the adventures of the Great Palaeolithic Hero



205



SHUT-UPS

HOLD TO MIRROR

CRACKED'S SECRET MESSAGE!

*CARVIN PROBABLY TO BEARD 2-POINTE
*CONTAINS RECIPIENT, WITTO DEXTIN
*SWALLOW THIS MESSAGE!
*SETTLE TOGETHER 4-13-88
*4444 8888 3333 8888
*CODED MESSAGE FOLLOWS:
*ATTENTION AGENT SX-B, BUDAPEST HUNGARY.

Leopold, look! Our hopes, our dreams!
A new home, that boat you've always
wanted, a European vacation!
It's a sign from above—
a good year is coming!

SHUT-UP!
That's just an
advertisement!!!

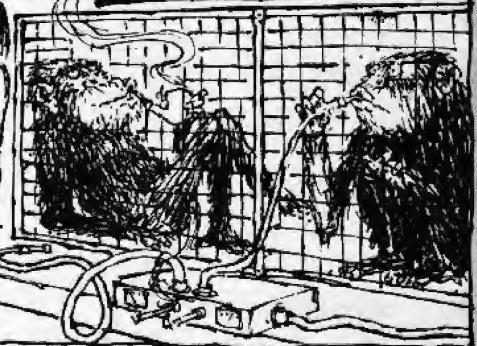
GOODYEAR



After a long
day he likes
to relax
with a
pipe.

SHUT-UP! Give him a cigarette!
He's not here to relax
with a pipe!

CIGARETTE
RESEARCH INC.



Alright, Mummy, carry
her right out that
door—go left for
100 feet then turn
right down the
short street. . . .

SHUT-UP! I don't care
if she is your biggest
box office star.
Let her walk to the
studio cafeteria!



OUT

**IF YOU WANT IN,
GO AROUND TO THE
BACK OF THIS SIGN**

CRACKED POSTER #126

GREAT MOMENTS IN INDUSTRY

NOVEMBER 3, 1889

PALERMO

ITALY



GIOVANNI GRAPPELLI INTRODUCES
MASS-PRODUCTION TO WINE-MAKING.